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# A FLAG FOR CUBA

*PEN SKETCHES OF A RECENT TRIP ACROSS  
THE GULF OF MEXICO TO THE  
ISLAND OF CUBA*

BY

ADELAIDE ROSALIND KIRCHNER

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*ILLUSTRATED  
WITH SNAP-SHOT VIEWS*

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## CONTENTS.

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|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| AUTHOR'S NOTE, . . . . .                                      | vii  |
| LETTERS EN ROUTE TO CUBA, . . . . .                           | I    |
| LETTERS FROM HAVANA, . . . . .                                | 22   |
| A PARTING VIEW, . . . . .                                     | 68   |
| THE ISLAND OF CUBA, . . . . .                                 | 73   |
| EARLY SETTLEMENT, . . . . .                                   | 84   |
| THE LOPEZ AND CRITTENDEN EXPEDITION, . . . . .                | 90   |
| THE "VIRGINIUS" MASSACRE, . . . . .                           | 93   |
| THE CASE OF THE "COMPETITOR," AND TREATY<br>RIGHTS, . . . . . | 95   |
| THE TEN YEARS' WAR, . . . . .                                 | 103  |
| THE NATIVES, . . . . .  | 107  |
| NAÑIGOS, THE OUTLAWS OF CUBA, . . . . .                       | 112  |
| THE PRESENT STRUGGLE, AND METHODS OF WAR, . . . . .           | 114  |
| THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA, . . . . .                           | 122  |
| THE CUBAN ARMY, . . . . .                                     | 126  |
| CONSUL GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, . . . . .                        | 141  |
| THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS, . . . . .                       | 154  |
| SPAIN'S DOMINATION, . . . . .                                 | 169  |

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| THE FORTRESS OF MORRO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE<br>TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA, . . . . . | 3    |
| THE HEIGHTS OF LA CABAÑA, ADJOINING MORRO<br>CASTLE, . . . . .                      | 9    |
| THE FAMOUS BANYAN TREE, KEY WEST, FLA., . . . . .                                   | 15   |
| A PALM-SHADED HOME IN KEY WEST, . . . . .   | 19   |
| JUST BEFORE DAWN, HAVANA BAY, . . . . .   | 25   |
| THE OLD STONE-STEP LANDING, HAVANA, . . . . .                                       | 31   |
| IN THE OLD BUSINESS QUARTER, HAVANA, . . . . .                                      | 37   |
| COUNTRY FREIGHT TRAINS, . . . . .   | 40   |
| ALONG THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA, . . . . .  | 43   |
| THE OLD CATHEDRAL, HAVANA, . . . . .  | 51   |
| COLUMBUS MEMORIAL CHAPEL, HAVANA, . . . . .   | 55   |
| THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S WINTER PALACE, HAVANA,<br>—GENERAL WEYLER ENTERING, . . . . . | 61   |
| DR. BURGESS, UNITED STATES SANITARY INSPECTOR AT<br>HAVANA, . . . . .               | 66   |
| FAREWELL TO CUBA, . . . . .   | 69   |
| MAP OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS, . . . . .  | 75   |
| COCOANUT PALMS, . . . . .   | 81   |
| SPANISH COAT OF ARMS, . . . . .   | 85   |
| TOBACCO PLANTATION, . . . . .   | 87   |

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| A LIGHTER WITH CARGO, . . . . .   | 91   |
| THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT THE LANDING, HAVANA, . . . . .                            | 97   |
| IN THE VICINITY OF THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL, . . . . .                           | 101  |
| SPANISH SOLDIERS AT THE MAIN BARRACKS IN HAVANA, . . . . .                    | 109  |
| THREE SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR, HARBOR OF HAVANA,<br>BEFORE SUNRISE, . . . . .      | 115  |
| A RESIDENT AVENUE IN HAVANA, . . . . .  | 121  |
| "THE THREE FRIENDS," . . . . .  | 124  |
| A PASSENGER BOAT, HAVANA BAY, . . . . .                                       | 129  |
| CALLE OBISPO, THE PRINCIPAL SHOPPING STREET IN<br>HAVANA, . . . . .           | 135  |
| A PINEAPPLE FIELD, . . . . .  | 139  |
| LEADING TO THE CITY GATES, HAVANA, . . . . .                                  | 145  |
| ENTRANCE TO THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S SUMMER<br>PALACE, HAVANA SUBURBS, . . . . . | 151  |
| A NATIVE FRUIT CARRIER, . . . . .   | 156  |
| "THE TWO FRIENDS," . . . . .  | 161  |
| THE GATES TO THE CITY OF HAVANA, . . . . .                                    | 167  |



## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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SYMPATHY opens the door of all hearts ; it awakens interest ; interest begets a desire for knowledge.

Two months ago I visited Havana, Cuba, armed with my usual traveling companions—a notebook and a kodak, with not the slightest intention of exhibiting the contents of either to any but my circle of friends, who always expect full accounts of my wanderings.

Hearing on all sides discussions of Cuba's fate, her present and past wars, with many references to incidents and facts which I never knew, or which had escaped my memory, I satisfied the questions in my own mind by poring over page after page of her history since her discovery by Columbus up to the present strife ; through all her unsuccessful struggles in the past

against Spanish tyranny and oppression. This resulted in my making the following sketch of my garnered information, to help those who had not time for research to an understanding of the present conditions in the once luxuriant, but now the ill-starred, Cuba, Queen of Islands.

Every true-spirited American is in sympathy with oppressed Cuba, and anxious for this last struggle against Spanish rule to end in victory.

For over two years this insurrection has continued ; the island is seared and blighted from the torch, and its ashes are wet with martyrs' blood. The insurgents are fighting with the powerful spirit of true conviction, right is might ; and their motto is, liberty or death !

The fate of Cuba is the topic of the day and hour ; American sympathy stretches across the short eighty miles of water which separates her from Florida ; she looks to us for help because long years ago we suffered and won, though at the sacrifice of countless lives.

Are the heights of liberty built only upon



the bodies of wounded, dying, and dead?  
Is civilization only a mocking name?

The atrocious cruelties of the Spanish toward such innocent victims as the unprotected women and children are enough to excite national interference for humanity's sake alone.

Let interference come! let strife cease!  
let peace reign! let freedom rule! That glorious freedom which unbars the gates of darkness, breaks the galling chains of serfdom, lifts the yoke of bondage, and brings strength to life, hope to the heart, faith to the soul, peace and prosperity to the warring, devastated lands, and is the searchlight of progress.

It is said that Maximo Gomez, the grand old general of the Insurgent Army of Cuba, wears over his heart a silken flag of Cuba libre which is not to be unfurled until it floats over Morro Castle.

I gazed upon that picturesque old fortress of Morro Castle, commanding the entrance to the beautiful harbor of Havana, when the breeze was flaunting the Spanish colors on high, and I secretly prayed (not

daring to give expression to a rebellious thought in the presence of Spanish officials) that before many more months passed General Gomez would be able to carry out, not alone his own heart's desire, but the desire of every liberty-loving heart in God's universe.

ADELAIDE ROSALIND KIRCHNER.

*June 4, 1897.*



## A FLAG FOR CUBA.

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### LETTERS EN ROUTE TO CUBA.

ON BOARD THE S. S. *Whitney*,

GULF OF MEXICO, March 6, 1897.

CAN you realize, my dear, that we are actually en route to Cuba, where smallpox and yellow fever are fighting for supremacy with the cruel murderous warfare of Weyler? But I do not allow myself to dwell upon these very appalling features, trusting to fate as usual, and determined to make this trip, because nobody else dares—sister and I being the only passengers for Cuba, and I have talked her out of reasoning for herself; so away we go over these deep blue waters of the Gulf with happy and hopeful hearts.

What an interminable length of time it seems since we left the icy shores of Lake Erie two short months ago! A quarto

volume, even two quarto volumes, could not hold the itinerary of the intervening days, including, of course, all the experiences, prosaic and romantic. The latter are richly rare in flavor, but, being of the present, are a little flat and tasteless; they need age to give them sparkle and quality, as do the rare vintages, so I have bottled and sealed them for future use, and if the fates are propitious to this aspirant for literary honors, then shall the whole world drink deep, and revel at my feast. 'Tis the dreaminess of my German ancestors which predominates this morning; but hopes are dreams with butterfly wings!

I have touched upon the trip by steamer down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers—those *café-au-lait* waters which were so muddy and sluggish in January, yet to-day are wreaking such fearful results, making an inland sea of some of the richest farming lands in the country, and what loss of life as well as property! It is harrowing to think of; what a combination of the furies they must hold in every drop of their waters to spread such wholesale devastation!





THE FORTRESS OF MORRO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE  
HARBOR OF HAVANA.



Three weeks of pleasurable rest at Pass Christian, that charming Gulf resort for winter, where one can wheel, ride, or drive, and sail and fish to his heart's content. Then came the wonderful Mardi Gras festivities in the Crescent City, and the consequent dissipation and royal good times never to be forgotten !

Ash Wednesday dawned and spread a pall over all, and we retreated to foreign shores in sack-cloth and ashes ! and oh ! what a rest to be on these waters away from the giddy whirl of social life in that old French city, where during the Mardi Gras season one is impressed that life holds nothing but the wine cup of pleasure, and the most serious duty is to attend only those functions that bring one most enjoyment ; from the atmosphere filled with music and gay laughter you cannot escape if you try, and there is untold pleasure in experiencing, for once in your days, that life is but a dream of joy !

It seems but natural, after following the Mississippi almost its entire length from North to South, that we should continue



with its flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean of America, and cross its multi-colored surface to the very mouth where stands in queenly command the gem of the American seas, the island of Cuba.

Taking the steamer from New Orleans, our course lies *via* Port Tampa and Key West, Fla., to Havana. The stop at Port Tampa was of several hours, which was spent in sight-seeing. The inn near the dock is built right over the waters of the bay; the dining room is most beautifully situated, long open windows framing the vast expanse of waters beyond—convenient for the amusement of the guests, who feed the fishes with various articles of diet; and where it is possible in a few moments to catch a string of catfish at the end of a Vienna roll—subject to no disappointment, such as some fishermen experience, with the subsequent humiliation of buying a string. The fish are so tame, they do all but walk into the frying pans! The true disciple of Sir Izaak Walton would naturally scoff at such angling—preferring, of course, the gamy silver tarpon or the wily speckled

trout. Having indulged in the latter sports, I must confess that where success is uncertain it gives zest to the enjoyment, and to conquer difficulties makes one a greater hero.

### KEY WEST, March 7.

One half day and night's sail from Port Tampa through the ten thousand island keys, which, green with verdure, stretch irregularly in every direction to the horizon, brought us to Key West, the most southern city of the United States. (The word key is from the Spanish *cayo*, meaning island.) No imagination can picture the varying shades, changing momentarily, of those waters surrounding this island city, due in part to the limestone reefs and coral formations. For twenty and thirty feet one can see below the surface the most beautifully colored fish darting back and forth among the growing coral. From the bastion of Fort Taylor—not yet completed, although started in 1845—we studied the gamut of shades on the water's surface,

“Lulled by the coil of its crystalline streams.”

Touching the horizon, where the sky was intensely blue, flowed a stream of rich turquoise, melting in a zigzag course into a rare dark green, joined to another stream of deeper blue, offset again by the palest tint, while near the shore stretched a milky border of opalescent hues. The city itself appeared like a pure white pearl floating in a sea of gems, from the glistening emeralds, amethysts, and liquid sapphires, to the burning opals.

Before leaving the Fort I took a snapshot of the island city, seven miles long by two miles wide, with its eighteen thousand inhabitants. Of course they were not conscious of having their "pictures took," or I never would have escaped. The city is picturesque, with its pretty frame dwellings surrounded by date and cocoanut palms, waving their graceful fronds in the cooling breeze, while the thermometer registered 70° in the shade. Men looked immaculate in white linen suits, and ladies were daintily gowned in organdies and mulls—a decided contrast to the frigid weather reports in our letters from the north. The atmosphere





THE HEIGHTS OF LA CABAÑA, ADJOINING MORRO CASTLE.



of the city was filled with the perfume of blossoms ; a profusion of gorgeous flowers greeted the eye at every turn. Towering oleanders were hanging low under a burden of bloom, rare shades of rose-pink, red, and white ; the brilliant orange-colored flowers of the ganger tree were subdued by the cool shadows and the dense foliage of the Spanish laurel, or by the waxen-leaved sapodilla with its russet fruit. Darky boys were seen climbing the cocoanut palms, and then disputing over the division of the spoils, half the milk and meat being wasted in the struggle.

Key West is a large naval station ; in the barracks grounds is a wonderful banyan tree, the roots covering an area of fifty feet. The most pretentious and conspicuous buildings are the post office, and custom house, marine hospital, and Fort Taylor. La Brisa pavilion, on the beautiful waters of the Gulf, is the rendezvous for pleasure. Here one can see scores of pretty gazelle-eyed maids tripping the light fantastic with ease and grace. Cigar factories (one of the principal industries of Key West) are



mostly in the hands of Cubans. We saw the silken golden leaf as shipped from Havana, unpacked, assorted, stripped, and made into all sizes of cigars ; then assorted as to size and quality, packed in boxes, stamped, and labeled for shipping. The many pretty Cuban girls, with their soft languorous eyes and creamy skins, seemed brimming over with merriment, although all is carnage and ruin in their island home eighty miles away ; the older women, as well as the men, were smoking cigarettes, and in the center of the main room was a raised platform where stood a man reading aloud in Spanish to the busy workers, who each pay a few cents a week for this sensible diversion. He reads papers or books, as they desire, a most excellent plan to check the idle gossip in factories.

Sponge fishing is also one of the industries of Key West ; the warehouses are filled with millions of them in their unbleached state (suspended from the ceiling as a curiosity was a peculiarly shaped sponge the size of a half bushel basket). Where the men were cutting the cheaper sponges,

and trimming to a uniform size, I saw thousands of pieces that would supply and gladden the hearts of all the little maidens of the "North Countree," who are beginning the problem of life with pencils and slates.

The reefs on which the sponges grow are only six miles away, and cover an area of thirty-five hundred miles. The men of a sponging schooner search the bottom with a sponge glass (a bucket with a glass bottom), and bring up the sponges with a hook; they are spread on deck, and the gelatinous matter which encases them allowed to decay, then brought to land, placed in crawls, where the ebb and flood of the water wash them clean in a week; then beaten free of sand and grit, and assorted on the wharves in bunches and sold at auction. We passed several sponging fleets cruising on the reefs, and watched their operations; also witnessed the discharge of their cargo at the docks. Absorbed in this interesting sight, our attention was called to a filibustering schooner a short distance from shore, laden with sup-

plies for Cuba and manned by insurgents, while close to us stood several Cubans exchanging signs and signals with those on board; and we learned later that the schooner had set out for Cuba the day before, but being followed had to return, and now assumed the business of fishing, waiting to escape the vigilant eye of its enemy, and make a more successful departure. We continued to observe these maneuverings at intervals during the day, and finally the Cubans on shore went aboard a sloop, and sailed away in an opposite direction from the schooner, which after an hour or more headed for the same point, and we all hoped the course was clear for a successful issue.

The wharves at Key West are a veritable side-show of surprises, and among the most interesting are the pens of monstrous turtles weighing three and four hundred pounds, caught in nets and kept in these crawls, until sold for shipment north at twenty-five and thirty cents per pound.

There are several steamers lying at the docks and the passengers are amusing





THE FAMOUS BANYAN TREE, KEY WEST, FLA.



themselves by tossing coins into the water for which the little darky boys dive, catching them by mouth or hand; the various contortions of their perfect bronze forms are clearly visible in the depths below; they swim like fish; the water is over twenty feet deep. The sport is so fascinating to the coin thrower that he quite forgets his school table for the measure of values until his pockets are empty, while the brown faces beam with expectancy until the change is exhausted.

Then what a subject for an artist! Scrambling out of the water on the docks, they stand emptying the contents of their temporary bank—the mouth—to count the “shiners,” surrounded by a score of boys picturesque in their scanty and ragged clothes, participating in the fun and frolic but not the gains, for to the divers alone belong the coins.

The last glimpse of Fort Taylor and the Marine Hospital, and the whole picturesque island, faded with the closing in of the last brilliant rays of a superb sunset as we sped

along the buoy-marked channel southwest toward Havana on the Cuban shore, only ninety-four miles away. The government light on Sand Key, seven miles south-southwest of Key West, marks the southernmost point of the United States. Between the line of keys and the Cuban shore are the straits of Florida, through which flow in a steady current the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The crossing of these straits is dreaded as much as that of the English Channel, because so fearfully rough, but we suffer no qualms, having already proved our sterling qualities for seamanship—through a number of storms, laughing at the angry waves, and gaining the epithet of “genuine salt tars.”

“The day is done.” Almost simultaneously with the last faint lingering shadow of sunset night burst forth in all its glory of starlight; and what brilliant stars! These southern heavens are so clear and transparent that the eye can almost penetrate beyond the limits of illimitable space.

A few short hours in our cozy berths, with windows wide open, for the millions of





A PALM-SHADED HOME IN KEY WEST.



distinct stars to shed their silver light on the pathway of our dreamy rest, and dawn will break ; and with it, our first glimpse of the shores of Cuba. *Buenas Noches* (Good-night)! The soft Castilian tongue, with its liquid vowels and consonants, which we have heard more or less on the ship and in Key West, seems the only one appropriate in this tropical stretch where the breezes are soothingly languorous and nature is surpassingly rich and mellow.

## LETTERS FROM HAVANA.

IN THE CITY OF HAVANA,  
ISLAND OF CUBA,

March 9, 1897.

*Veni! Vidi! Vici!* we may exclaim like Cæsar, for the Rubicon is crossed! We are on Cuban soil, damp with the bloody domination of Spanish cruelty, and under the vigilant eyes of the Spanish police!

But I am rushing headlong into the strife. Backward, turn backward, oh, thoughts, in your trend, and let me recount our early morning arrival! Would that I had the gift of Shelley—lover of the sea—to pen you an artistic picture of that sunrise on the bay of Havana!

It was barely five o'clock in the morning when with the captain we stood on deck, looking south, and in the somber shadow of winged night we could trace the stretch of hilly coast, extending east and west for



miles in a broken line, and set with glistening stars of electricity, resembling a jeweled coronet, while rising above the shore in brilliant illumination beamed, miniature-like, in the distance, the quaint old city of Havana, capital of Cuba.

When about two miles from Morro Castle light we distinguished several small boats approaching our steamer; in fact we had slowed up to take the occupants on board. One was the Spanish pilot, who took command of the wheel, and the others, about six, were the Board of Health and Custom House officials and police, all uniformed in cadet blue linen suits with white trimmings. Some of these officers are detailed to patrol the steamer as long as she lies in port.

At first we resented the rude staring and prying officiousness of these Spaniards with their snappy black eyes and closely trimmed Van Dyke beards, for no matter which way we turned their attention was riveted upon us; now, we would feel quite lost without this distinguished bodyguard. The most humble American citizen is at present of

great importance in Cuba, because Spain is most suspicious of her American neighbors.

I shall never forget what difficulties our kind and courteous captain and purser passed through for our sakes. And judging from the latter's gymnastic conversation with the Spanish officers, who were equally demonstrative, the officers either did not want to understand the purser's Spanish, or were too obtuse to comprehend the condition of affairs, viz., two women without passports or certificates of health, and without escorts, in the face of war and smallpox, for the sake of sight-seeing under such adverse conditions, to venture across the water and risk possible detention.

It seemed hopelessly beyond them; they would separate, shaking their heads, and then return to go through more gyrating and laying down the law. We, being the cynosure of all eyes, felt the least bit conscience-stricken that our willfulness and daring might entangle our beloved country in such a series of intricate complications as would result in a case of "Spain vs. America," and possibly bring ruin and



JUST BEFORE DAWN, HAVANA BAY.





disgrace to the very officers to whom we were so deeply indebted. (And right here in Havana let me pay a tribute to those of our American men who never fail in all the demands of unselfishness, often at the loss of personal comfort and inconvenience, to extend to the unescorted women, when traveling, that grace of courteous attention which stamps them true-born gentlemen, and of whom every American woman is proud.)

To this hour I am ignorant of how those officers adjusted their differences, but what looked ominous at first dissipated with the faint flush of dawn, and our spirits rose as we neared the picturesque fortress of Morro Castle, which guards the entrance of that magnificent harbor, "the finest in the world, with but one exception, that of Melbourne, Australia," our captain declared, who had touched at every foreign port.

As the course of the steamer lies a little east of Morro Castle, the narrow entrance to the bay and the bay itself, or the harbor, are not visible until the steamer turns her nose around the rocky fortress point, and be-

hold ! a hill-crowned bay with a thousand ships at anchor on a smiling breast of green waves in the peaceful light of early dawn ; there were ships of all sizes and of all nationalities—Spanish men-of-war, Spanish, American, and European steamers, freight lighters, passenger boats, ferries, etc., and as we entered the mouth of the bay the light of morning broke, revealing a most beautiful sight.

At the left of the harbor is Morro Castle, connected by a continuous fortification with the Fort of La Cabaña, the strongest fortress of Havana, crowning a high bluff on the water front ; the right entrance is guarded by Fort La Punta, and then encircling the bay rises in majestic whiteness the city itself. Slowly and regally from behind the heights of La Cabaña appeared a golden crescent of roseate light, rising higher and filling more rapidly, then bursting suddenly into a globe of fire and giving a master's touch of color and light to the scene before us. The king of day was in command ; outlining with a golden halo the somber towers of Morro Castle, La Cabaña, La

Punta, and the other three forts of this harbor ; then tracing in gold the crescent shore on the right, and touching up the numerous spires, towers, domes, and columns of the massive buildings and churches, quaint in their Moorish style of architecture, and bathing all in a flood of warm pink and creamy lights, it was the most artistically beautiful picture I ever saw, and as if to heighten the effect, at the sun's rise reveillé sounded from the men-of-war in the harbor and from the forts simultaneously, echoing afar among the hills note after note, while the flags were hoisted and floated out upon the tropical air.

The bay is three miles in circumference, land-locked, and deep enough for the largest vessels, and capacious enough for a navy. The Spanish men-of-war in the full flood of daylight were spotlessly white and all of a shimmer of gold in their highly polished mountings.

It did not seem possible that amid all this beauty of scene, with nature's smiling peace, there could be discord and strife, blood and war ; the morning was so quiet

and refulgent that only tender and happy thoughts could live.

In Spanish waters all foreign steamers anchor at their respective buoys, unless they wish to pay the enormous privilege for docking, so while being piloted to our anchorage we were followed by a raft of small passenger boats and freight lighters, the latter two-masted schooners; as soon as the anchor was cast, three or four of these lighters were secured to the side of the steamer and the discharging of freight began. Each lighter had its own crew of stevedores, mostly blacks, who carried their noonday meal in a bright bandanna.

The freight this trip consisted of hundreds of boxes of eggs, a large supply of oats, molasses, and sugar.

Among the cargo of former trips were a hundred horses and cattle, for which they received twenty dollars a head, and no charge for unloading, as the steamer anchors at a wharf where they are simply led off.

After breakfast came the momentous hour for going ashore. Innumerable com-





THE OLD STONE-STEP LANDING, HAVANA.



munications had passed between the officers on ship-board and those on land. Escorted by our ship's officers we stepped into a boat, a sort of yawl, with an arbor-like curtained frame in the stern, protecting us from the sun's hot rays, for as the day grew apace the heat increased; still a most delightful and refreshing breeze came off the water. These yawls, or bombs, as they are called, besides one or two pairs of oars have a sail which that morning the breeze filled, skimming us along over the bay close by the men-of-war with their hundreds of white uniformed sailors on duty. In twenty minutes we had reached the great stone steps of the landing, where, after being again duly inspected at a respectful distance, and witnessing more gymnastic discussions in Spanish, we stepped foot on Cuban soil. Landed at that wharf from which Cortez had sailed for the land of the Aztecs to add Mexico to Spain, and De Soto embarked for Florida, and discovered the Mississippi! Can you imagine the flood of thought that filled me for a few moments? But I was suddenly

brought out of past century reveries by a loud squabble on the docks among the fish dealers ; a large consignment of dried fish similar to cod was being bid for ; soldiers patrolled the landing on guard duty ; idle men in dilapidated clothes with sore, scabby faces stood where a hundred of bombs were moored, and in which the prisoners are taken across the bay about half a mile to the dungeons of Morro Castle. The spacious old custom house on the landing has been garrisoned with hundreds of soldiers. Passing through the great iron gates, which are closed at night, we enter the city of Havana by the street leading along the barracks on the right, with the Columbus Memorial Chapel on the left, facing the park square, which is in front of the Captain General's winter palace. The latter is a massive colonnaded marble structure and contains the offices of the various government departments. Up to General Weyler's appointment to his executive office this park, or Plaza, as it is called in Spanish, was a most refreshing spot, where great laurel trees spread their

thickly leaved branches for inviting shade, but for some undivulged reason General Weyler had these beautiful trees felled and saplings put in their place, consequently the plaza to-day is anything but attractive. And the marble statue of Ferdinand VII. stands in the center without the least shade, the surroundings being unrelieved stretches of white buildings. While we were passing the entrance gate of the barracks, which also faces the Plaza, I audaciously snapped my kodak on the *commandante* and a group of soldiers, and for which I expected instant decapitation, as did the rest of the party with me, judging from their surprised and shocked expressions ; but so far I have suffered no interference in that respect, except ominous looks.

The soldiers' uniform is of linen cadet blue ; coats banded in white, blue, or green, according to the rank ; gray sombreros, or white linen fatigue caps ; the officers are mostly of fine physique and military bearing, but there are hundreds of young soldiers who in their shambling gait off

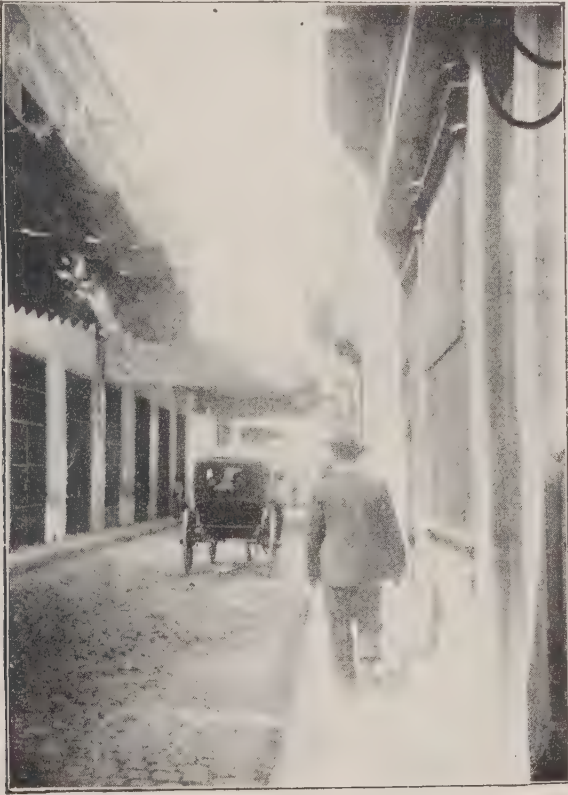


duty remind one of schoolboys. Soldiers are on guard at all the government buildings inside and out; also at certain points throughout the city, while others pass back and forth and mingle with the pedestrians. Most of them have an untidy appearance, their linen suits being mussed and out of shape, and the trouser legs seeming loth to come in contact with Cuban soil, judging from their elevation—reminding one of “Mr. O'Reilly's high-water pants.”

HAVANA, March 10.

What first impresses one in Havana are the very narrow streets in the old quarters. Some of the business thoroughfares allow passage for one team only, so there are certain streets to go up and certain streets to come down and no sidewalk except a curbing one foot to two feet wide. If you have the right of way the person coming toward you steps down on one foot into the street (almost a foot below) and waits till the Indian-file procession passes, then resumes his journey, this constant jumping up and down reminding one of the old-

fashioned game of "hop-scotch." Many walk in the streets, and in one respect it is more comfortable, but the rough stone



IN THE OLD BUSINESS QUARTER, HAVANA.

pavements are sure to produce a corn crop on short notice.

The business streets are awninged across—a protection from the sun; likewise spanning the way are gay banners flaunting in

the breeze, bedecked with merchants' signs, so that "he who runs may read," that is, if he reads Spanish, for Cuba is Spanish in all but the freedom-inspiring American air she breathes.

In the newer quarters the broad avenues—in the center of which are stretches of green parks with beautiful Indian laurel, palms and evergreen trees—are lined with white, cream, and soft pink tinted palaces, majestic in their solid outlines, relieved only by the lofty graceful porticos and arches resting on substantial pillars. The buildings are of white marble and white limestone, one or two stories and flat roofs; the walls are of extreme thickness, the ceilings very high, and the floors are tiled. The fronts of the houses have a formidable appearance; huge windows with iron bars and shutters take the place of glass, but the ponderous doors once open reveal courts or *patios* with beautiful trees, shrubs, flowers, and running fountains. The business structures are similar; the apartments above lead from a covered veranda which surrounds the court. These are character-

istic features of the buildings in Mexico or wherever the architecture has been influenced by Moorish Spain. This city does not impress me as so strangely quaint, because of my familiarity with old Mexico, it is nevertheless impressive, differing in the great variety of palms, which form one of the graceful features of the landscape, towering specimens waving their huge fronds scepter-like on high.

We visited every quarter of the city and the suburbs, but owing to the existing war conditions were advised not to make any excursions into the adjoining districts, it being deemed hazardous. Old-fashioned victorias, drawn by small horses in heavy brass-trimmed harnesses, are stationed at almost every corner, and can be hired for a mere trifle (if you make the bargain beforehand). A drive along the Prado past several park squares—plazas—containing magnificent statuary, and out several miles on the splendid Charles III. Avenue (Paseo Carlos) to the Captain General's casa, or summer palace, gave us a beautiful view of the hilly stretches of verdure-cov-

ered country beyond, with their flag-topped forts. Surrounding the palace is a park filled with every variety of tropical flowers, fruits, plants, and trees; playing fountains and artificial waterfalls add their gurgling



COUNTRY FREIGHT TRAINS.

notes to those of bright feathered songsters. The whole is inclosed by a white marble wall, capped with an elaborate iron fence.

Small horses laden with saddle-baskets of fruit are picturesque and familiar sights in the suburbs, as are also the long trains of ox teams, yoked by the horns and drawing loads of freight.

Another drive out along the shore of the



Gulf of Mexico, through the suburbs of Carmello and Vendaba, gave us a sight of the beautiful colonnaded homes encircled by more beautiful gardens against the still more beautiful background of the blue waters of the Gulf. This is the fashionable evening drive; along which are the white marble *baños*, or bath houses, sloping down to the edge of the water; the *casas*, or hotels; the casinos with their many attractive features, not the least of which is the excellent cuisine. These are the rendezvous places, at all seasons of the year, for the *élite* and fashionable of the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Havana.

Along the highways bordering the Gulf the Spaniards are constructing forts and building fortifications, perhaps in anticipation of a foreign war! I wonder how long it would take American warships to settle the supremacy of power in these waters? From where I write I can see the heights of La Cabaña, adjoining Morro Castle, from which the British and Yankees, under General Putnam, stormed

the castle when they took the town in 1762, and Lord Albemarle's share of the booty was one hundred thousand pounds in gold! I have in mind a number of willing-to-be lords ready for such substantial spoils!

Several visits to the Fondas of Havana have initiated us into the mysteries of a Spanish fresco, an iced drink of a combination of crushed fruits most palatable and refreshing these very warm days; as are also the delicious home made iced creams with dulces (cakes).

The restaurants on the first floor, with doors and windows wide open, are very clean and invitingly cool, and the service is excellent. We have had most delicious pompino, the famous fish of the Gulf, Spanish omelettes, and several unnamable dishes, the latter quite too Spanish for our American tastes.

Most of the hotels are comfortable and quite modern in their appointments, but at night we prefer the protection of our American flag on the steamer, and when sunset comes we pass out through the city gates and step into our waiting boat, which



ALONG THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.



carries us far out on the bay, away from the din and noise and heat of the day, and where the breezes, cool and sweet, lull us to refreshing sleep. We are told by a genius at story-telling "that there are seventy-five distinct odors in the Harbor of Havana when the wind blows the other way!" We think his olfactories have been tested to their limits. But it is really a fact that the bay, which has no outlet for cleansing itself, is made a receptacle for the city's sewage.

#### HAVANA, March 11.

When we visited the Havana markets, immense buildings occupying entire blocks in different sections of the city, we saw a variety and abundance of fish, vegetables, and tropical fruits such as we had never seen before. Of course we had to taste those fruits that were new to us—and such a conglomeration as they were, mostly acidless, sweet, and mushy, pronounced delicious by the natives, but perhaps, like the admiration for the shoulder of Katisha, of Mikado fame, "the taste has to be cultivated."



The outside space of the lower floor of the market house is occupied by stores, with every variety of goods and wares, running the gamut of human needs from an infant's slip to a rough box or coffin; the interior space on the lower floor is occupied by stalls for fruit and vegetables; while on the second floor are the meat, fish, and poultry departments. Most of the attendants could with effect have been treated to a surprise-party of soap and water and clean linen. Many bear traces of recent scars from smallpox; in fact nearly all the natives you meet are pock-marked. I found the same conditions in Mexico; the people are unclean and have no idea of sanitation, and when disease breaks out it naturally spreads where the soil is ripe for it.

I was informed by an American lady who has lived a number of years in Havana, that the native woman seldom ever touches water to her face, the first duty in her toilet-making is to use the powder puff; and that the two indispensable requisites to her comfort, at

home or abroad, are a fan and a small box holding puff and powder. She uses one as freely as the other, at all times and under all circumstances. If at the restaurant or theater the heat be intense, she opens her powder box and cools her face. Some of these puff holders are like small silver bon-bon boxes, set with tiny mirrors, so you can imagine how small the puff must be. We saw a number of women abroad, mostly all in the deepest mourning: this two years' struggle having thinned the ranks of father, brother, husband, and son. They looked like specters, with their powdered faces, in black gowns and Spanish lace veils; all carried tiny fans (even the men), the tinier the more fashionable, as we discovered in the fan shops, where we saw thousands of them; fans of dainty sandal wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, of exquisite lace with carved ivory handles mounted in gold, ranging in price from twenty-five cents to five hundred dollars, in Spanish gold or silver; and this leads me to tell you about the money question which is just

now stirring the business wrath of all Cuba.

Since the insurrection the Spanish Government has issued a paper currency, which is depreciating day by day. At a *casa gambia*, or exchange office, we secured native money; for five American dollars we received eight dollars and forty cents in paper, or five dollars and seventy-five cents in gold or silver.

The paper money given us was crisp and new (to avoid infection) and of the following denominations: cinco centavos (five cents); cinquenta centavos (fifty cents); ciento centavos (one hundred cents); the last two bills are not larger than the old twenty-five cent American "shinplaster."

In giving the price of any article the merchants would rate it according to the different money standards, charging double if paid for in paper (the circulation of which they tried hard to prevent and which they say will soon be worthless). Business of course is at a standstill; many of the houses have closed, and in others salaries have been reduced and the force cut down. The war

has destroyed hamlets and villages, as well as plantations; compelled farmers, laborers, and planters, with their families, to seek the cities' protection. Out of work, with scarcity of money and provisions, prices of food advancing, there is much suffering and want among the people; houses are for rent, owners having gone to the States, to return when times are better and the war is over.

Nearly all the places of amusement are closed; the principal one is the Tacon, which ranks as the third largest theater in the world. The Spanish Casino is a magnificent building, with a fine collection of painting and articles of vertu representing the history of the Spanish nation since the remotest epoch. The Casino supports a free academy, where English and French languages, bookkeeping, drawing, etc., are taught.

The masquerade balls of the Casino during the carnival are noted as the most gorgeous in the world. We visited the exclusive club, "Central Asturiano," which in its architecture, materials, decorations,

and furnishings exceeds any club building in foreign countries. It beggars description. A wealth of marble, onyx, mirrors, cut glass, precious woods, rich brocaded draperies, exquisite pieces of bronze and marble, all make up an artistic and ravishing effect.

While visiting this building we were fortunate enough to meet several of the most beautiful women of Havana, who were completing arrangements for a grand full dress children's party to be held at the club. They were handsome women of that dark rare type peculiar to the Creole; rich creamy skins with soft dark brown eyes and chestnut hair, and they seemed so light-hearted and happy that I could not quite reconcile their manners and plans to the existing state of things in the island at large.

But through all sorrows and strifes there will be those who weep, and those who laugh, and time makes joy the stronger.

Our interest in churches was centered in the old Latin-Gothic Cathedral. Lead-





THE OLD CATHEDRAL, HAVANA.



ing up from a narrow street in the old quarter with a square of pavement in front, stands this imposing structure, which holds the last remains of the immortal Columbus, whose ashes were said to have been brought here from San Domingo when that island was ceded to the French. Diego, the son of Columbus, is also buried in this grand old cathedral, whose interior is so rich and effective, and the foundations of which were laid in 1656 and which was completed in 1754. The buildings in the rear, adjoining the church, remind one of the old Spanish missions in southern California and through Mexico. But the richest and handsomest church is that of the Merced, built in 1746.

Around the main altar, which is gold finished, and furnished in rare embroideries and laces, are some noted paintings, especially one of "The Last Supper." The chapel on the left is a facsimile of the Grotto of Lourdes in France, with most elaborate details. Adjoining the church within the cloister wall is a tropical garden of magnificent palms, bananas, and other trees.

Besides the Catholic churches there are other places of worship belonging to mostly all denominations, and religious intolerance is a relic of the past. The convent schools and Jesuit colleges are the chief educational influences.

One of the principal points of interest to all tourists is the Columbus Memorial on the plaza opposite the Captain General's winter residence, and only one square from the wharf gates. It is a white marble chapel, in front of which is a small plot of ornamented ground inclosed by an elaborate marble and iron fence. It was built to commemorate the place where was celebrated the first Mass on the island in the year 1519, "under a large ceiba, a beautiful tree known as the cotton tree of the West Indies." It is not that tree, but one of its kind, which shadows the intense whiteness of the marble chapel and gives an artistic touch to the whole.

HAVANA, March 12, 1897.

We spent this afternoon visiting our American representatives, whose offices are



COLUMBUS MEMORIAL CHAPEL, HAVANA.





in an imposing white marble building ; the newspaper correspondents, representing America's leading papers, occupy offices on the first floor. Taking the elevator up one flight, we were ushered into the consul's apartments. There was no ceremony, no red tape about an audience. When the distinguished and courteous vice consul, Mr. J. Stricker, received us and sent our cards to the consul, General Fitzhugh Lee, the answer came immediately, "The general awaits the ladies," and he welcomed us with a hearty hand-shaking cordiality that alone would have repaid us for the trip.

Immaculate in white linen, with his sandy mustache and brilliant complexion and merry blue eyes, he impressed us as a strikingly handsome man, with an ease and grace of military bearing that would fascinate the most indifferent, while his gallant courtesy wins him general admiration. He complimented us on our bravery, and said our visit was such a respite from the war conditions that he determined to keep us as long as possible. He was jolly and full of anecdotes (which pray do not mis-

take for a Spanish drink), and encouraged our conversation along all lines but that of the war.

I asked him if he thought the war would soon be over, and he replied, "We cannot tell; we are in hopes something will intervene to put an end to this needless suffering and shedding of blood."

Apropos of General Weyler, he related an incident of his bravery: One of the Harper artists was most desirous of securing a sketch of Weyler in the field, and took advantage of a time when Weyler and one of the flying columns of Spanish soldiers were devastating plantations in the neighborhood of Havana. On the reported day of his return to the city, the artist intrenched himself in a small deserted hut on the highway to watch the procession and secure a sketch; to insure freedom from attack he hung out a yellow flag—the fatal sign for smallpox, and that scourge to the Spaniard is dreaded even more than the bandit's knife.

Finally the troops came in view, and when Weyler in his line of vision saw the little hut with its yellow flag, he pulled to

the opposite side, gave whip and spur to his horse, and went by so rapidly that not even a cinemetograph could have taken the flying figure, or the soldiers who followed him.

HAVANA, March 13, 1897.

In spite of the war conditions on this island, we have not been brought in contact with anything warlike but the Spanish officers and soldiers, and but for them, and the several cavalry troops we have seen mustered out for duty, and the Spanish men-of-war in the harbor and the vigilance of all the police, the business depression and general quiet of the city, we would not know that war existed. Of course it is in the air, everybody discussing Weyler and his barbarous manner of warfare. He is hated alike by all the citizens, Spaniard or Cuban, and many are the horrible tales that are told of him. The newspapers print only such news as is given officially, under Spanish direction, but there are suppressed papers giving the other side of the issues, and so the insurgent advances and retreats

are repeated in whispers from one to the other. Everybody hopes for our government's intervention.

We have seen places for rent whose owners have spent thousands of dollars a year in living, yet to-day have not money enough to pay for servant hire. Everybody is suffering, the women and children most of all, because their fate is so uncertain. Are they wives and children of insurgents? then the worst fate awaits them, for many have been cruelly murdered. One cannot realize the tyranny of Spanish rule until he breathes the Cuban atmosphere. Should assistance be given the families of the insurgents, or any sympathy shown them, then are the sympathizers imprisoned, court-martialed, and shot.

"Vengeance is mine," says Spain in the acts of Weyler, and if the insurgents do surrender, or are defeated, then will they meet the same fate. No wonder we hear the cry of liberty or death! I could not remain here much longer. Spanish domination, such as practiced here in Cuba, chokes me. I wonder I have not expressed





THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S WINTER PALACE, HAVANA—GENERAL  
WEYLER ENTERING.



my Amercian opinion aloud ! Only the ominous-looking fortress of Morro Castle, with its pages of bloody history, keeps the rebellious spirit silent, for there are many insurgents right in the city, who, smiling with Spain, do all they can to assist the insurgents in the field.

Passing the Captain General's palace one day I saw a group of officers, and was told quietly Weyler was entering his residence. I caught a cursory glance of him, and brought my kodak into requisition. That was near as I cared to be.

We saw a number of Cuban negroes about the market places, and it did seem rather incongruous to hear them speak the beautiful soft Castilian tongue of Spain.

Throughout our sight-seeing and visiting here we have had the guidance of an American, long a resident of Havana, and to whom we feel most deeply indebted. He has been tireless in his courtesies and attentions, so that we have not had to suffer interference from Spanish authority, and has kept our special bodyguard always at a respectful distance.

We have met one or two Spanish *com-mandantes*, or lieutenants, and they were most gracious in showing us small courtesies. The Spaniard is not a true Castilian if he is not innately polite, but one accepts his courtesies with a feeling that the surface is glazed, covering deceit, malice, and even murder. Unfortunately we class all Spaniards with Weyler, and Spain has to shoulder his infamous treatment of humanity, and bear the blame. She sent him in place of Campos, that his cruelty might terminate the life of insurgency; so far he has not been successful, for his own atrocious policy defeats his purpose. Weyler, by his wholesale butchery and devastation of property, has made insurgents of the peaceable natives—the *pacíficos*. He is treading near a bottomless abyss, and the final step will be irrevocable.

HAVANA, March 14, 1897.

Our visit to these foreign shores is drawing to a peaceful close. I feared that it might resolve itself into an action of the "Spider and the Fly" drama, and I

rather object to being held a prisoner, when, as you know, my chief characteristic is to be free.

If we could not show satisfactory marks of recent vaccination, upon which the health certificates were procured, we had to suffer inoculation and twelve days' quarantine. We knew of this when we arrived, and yet deferred the examination till the last moment, so that we might enjoy the several days of pleasure and sight-seeing with no *bête-noir* shadow. Armed with all the assurance characteristic of American travelers, and with the good wishes of all the officials, who awaited the final developments with much interest, we were escorted to the American physician's office. Dr. D. W. Burgess is the United States Sanitary Inspector, and has resided many years in Havana. His silver hair and beard give him an austere appearance, but when his face lights up with his gracious smile, and his eyes beam on you so kindly, he wins your confidence at once.

Dr. Burgess stands between the epidemic of disease in Cuba and the health of the



United States, and he is most conscientious in his duties.

The death rate from smallpox in Havana is one hundred per day among the vil-



DR. BURGESS, UNITED STATES SANITARY INSPECTOR AT HAVANA.

lagers who have been crowded in the city quarters and spreading the dreaded scourge, consequently the utmost precaution has to be taken.

The ordeal was over ; we showed the

scars of our last vaccination, and fortunately for us we were given a certificate without delay, which contains a description "as we appeared," hair, eyes, etc., and which we will be compelled to present to the United States Sanitary Inspector at Key West, Dr. Sweating, before we are allowed to enter Uncle Sam's domains. With hearts light and free we bounded down the steps of the doctor's office and made a round of *adios* visits.

## A PARTING VIEW.

ON BOARD THE S. S. *City of Key West*,  
ATLANTIC OCEAN, March 16, 1897.

Our Cuban visit is of yesterday. We are once more breathing the exhilarating air of freedom and peace, which through contrast awakens a deeper sympathy for the iron-bound, oppressed victims of Spain's intolerance.

We were loth to leave our new-made friends on foreign shores, who had assisted us in passing the Custom House officials safely, armed as we were with books and packages, and escorted us for the last time in our waiting boat across the bay to the steamer, on which Dr. Burgess made a final tour of inspection. We held a sort of informal reception on deck, in which the ever vigilant Spanish officers and police played their rôle.

They actually looked relieved when the signal was given "all hands ashore."



FAREWELL TO CUBA.



The breeze caught the last Spanish *adios* that were spoken, and whispered them over and over again, while we, waving our farewells, watched the little sailboats carrying our friends back to the landing ; and then with our ship under full steam we began our northward trip.

We sailed out of that beautiful harbor as the guns from the Spanish men-of-war and the forts on the encircling hills signaled the hour of sunset, and the echoes reverberated from shore to shore across the bay. We uttered our final *adios* to the quaint white city, with its towers and domes and buildings ; to the bay with its forts and many ships all bathed in a flood of orange light ; to the grand old fortress of Morro Castle, illumined by the sun's last gleams, which spread a path of rose-gold light on a stretch of the blue-green Gulf, melting into the more brilliant glow where the waters kissed the sky.

We watched the forts and hills recede from view until twilight shadowed the day, and then we watched the heaven's



deepening blue, until gradually, one by one, the stars took their appointed places, like an army of brilliants, and we gazed for the last time on the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross aslant the horizon ; yet suspended, as it were, like an omen above Cuba, the Pearl of the Seas ; an omen for victory and for freedom !

## THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

“ O Cuba ! rarest, brightest gem  
That decks Atlantis’ diadem !  
O star of constellation bright  
That beams upon our ravished sight ! ”

AMONG the many beautiful titles bestowed upon Cuba, “ Queen of American Islands ” and “ Pearl of the Antilles ” are the most appropriate. Because of her fatal beauty and unbounded luxuriance she has been the coveted prize of many powers, but Spain has held with a dying grasp that priceless gem which Christopher Columbus set in her crown of possessions over four hundred years ago.

Pearl of the Antilles ! The other less precious gems are Porto Rico, also under Spanish rule ; Jamaica, a British possession ; and Hayti, or San Domingo, a negro republic.

These islands comprise the group known as the Greater Antilles, the most important

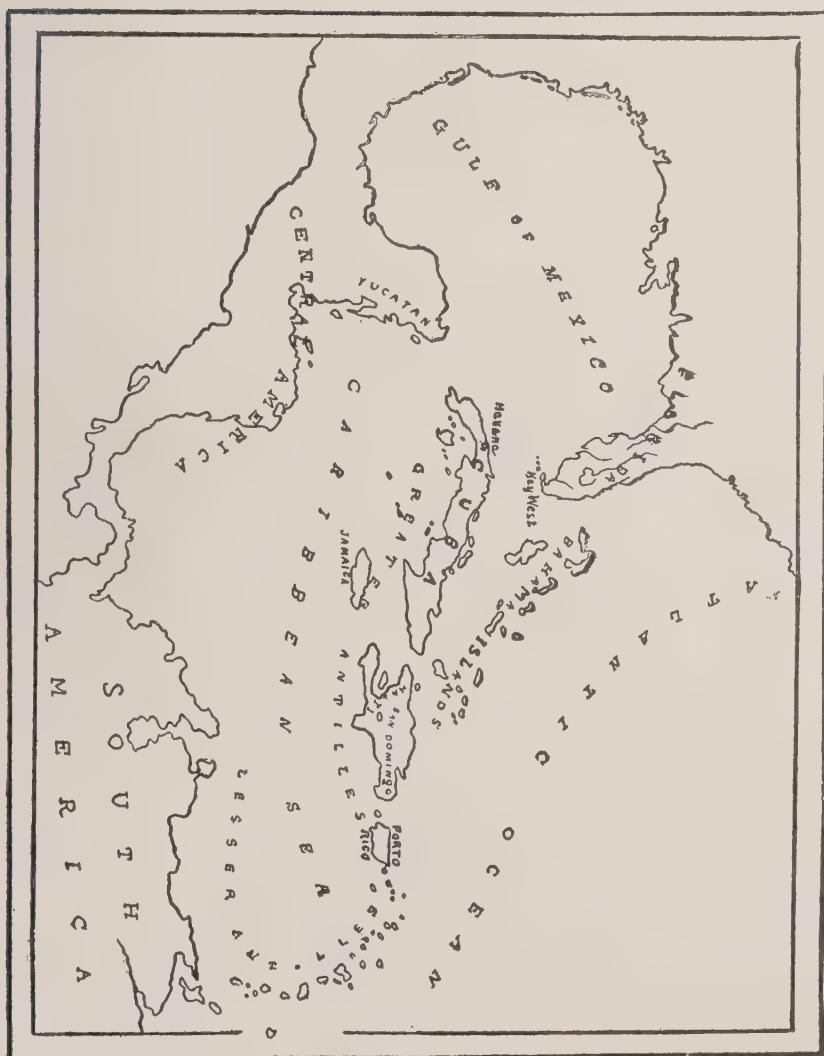
of the West Indies ; the other two groups are the Bahama Islands and the Lesser Antilles (British possessions).

To get a clear impression of any object, we must have a distinct outline. Let us for a moment glance at those West India Islands, large and small, which stretch out on that large expanse of sea between North and South America. They extend in a curve, beginning near the southern extremity of Florida, and terminate properly at the Gulf of Paria, near the coast of South America.

The Bahama Islands are opposite the east coast of Florida, and run down in a southeasterly direction, covering a distance of 950 miles. Only a few of the larger islands are inhabited, one of them, New Providence, on which Nassau is situated, being well known as a winter resort.

The Greater Antilles, consisting of Cuba, San Domingo or Hayti, Porto Rico, and Jamaica, extend from the Gulf of Mexico eastward into the Atlantic Ocean. The Lesser Antilles, or Carribean Islands, starting off the coast of Porto Rico, extend

MAP OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.





east, then south and west, forming almost a perfect half circle.

Mountains of an elevation of from three thousand to four thousand feet appear in nearly all of these islands, exhibiting evidences of volcanic origin, though none of them are now active. We are told the general climate of the West Indies is not so torrid as its position would lead us to think. They lie within the tropics, except a few of the more northern of the Bahamas, but the influence of the immense bodies of water which surround them, the constant sea breezes which sweep over their surfaces, and the height of their inland elevation, so modify the intensity of the heat natural to their locality that the atmosphere in most parts is peculiarly uniform and agreeable.

The lowlands of Cuba, covered with trees and dense foliage and creeping vines, retain their moisture to such an extent that noxious vapors arise, producing fever in the most virulent form ; but on the upper plains and highlands here, as well as in the other islands, a remarkable condition of health prevails.



Cuba is the largest of the West India Islands, and is the most westerly and the most luxuriant ; commanding, in its situation, the Gulf of Mexico, eighty miles from Florida and close to Yucatan, the communication between North and South America, gives it a high commercial and political importance.

It resembles a long narrow crescent, in form rather irregular, with a coast line of more than 800 miles on the convex side (north side), and more than 900 miles on the concave (south side). Its area is about 55,000 square miles, 117 miles at the broadest point, 22 miles at the narrowest. A range of mountains, the Sierra Maestra, running along the whole southern coast, rises to a height of 800 feet above the sea.

Innumerable short rivers, rising in an undulating plain, flow each way to the coast, irrigating the surface of the country and producing a vegetation of singular luxuriance.

Most of the seaport towns and cities have magnificent bays and beautiful harbors.

Significant of its advantageous commercial position and its remarkable natural beauty and fertility, are such designations as the "Queen of Islands," "Key of the Gulf," "Sentinel of the Mississippi," "Pearl of the Antilles," "Gem of the American Seas," which have been indiscriminately bestowed upon this enchanting island.

Fertile beyond the conception of the greatest imagination, writers have been lost in a sea of poetic words to pen us pictures of its luxuriance.

Our own great poet Longfellow wrote :  
"Cuba, that garden of the West, gorgeous with perpetual flowers, brilliant with the plumage of innumerable birds, beneath whose glowing sky the teeming earth yields easy and abundant harvest to the toil of man, and whose capacious harbors invite the commerce of the world. In the words of Columbus, 'It is the most beautiful land that ever eyes beheld.'"

Cuba is second to no country in the wealth of her forests, with such precious woods as the mahogany, *lignum vitæ*, ebony, cocoawood, lancewood, acacia, bamboo

towering sixty to seventy feet, cedar, and the palm—queen of the Cuban forest.

The royal and cocoanut palms waving their long graceful fronds majestically on high are the most beautiful of all trees in the tropics, and the most conspicuous. To the careless observer they are similar, but the royal palm, which is fruitless, looks like a smooth gray-white giant vase, swelling the least bit in the center, narrowing at the top, and holding a huge bunch of long waving green plumes. The trunk of the cocoanut palm is a darker gray, ridged in circles until it is lost in the fruit-bearing stems and drooping fronds. It is never devoid of fruit. With every change of the moon new formations are made in the shape of an elongated branch-like blossom, which gradually changes its seed into tiny nuts. One tree will hold dozens of branches with the nuts in all stages of development; the young ones, filled with a delicious milky water, are very strengthening, the natives claim; in older ones the milk becomes jellied, and is used for custard and sauces; still older nuts have the solid white meat



COCOANUT PALMS.



which we are familiar with in the north. The fiber of the cocoanut tree enters into the channels of industrial arts more and more day by day,—wherever strength, pliability, and durability are desired. We read of it being used as a filler between the hull and armor of naval vessels, as well as between the decks.

Among the trees are the orange, the lime, the thrifty fig, the nutmeg, the wide-spreading mangrove, with its delicious mangoes; other native fruits are the pawpaw, rusty-coated sapodilla, mamey, guava, banana, plantain, guanabana (the strawberry of the Antilles), marañon, the alligator pear, peaches, grape fruit, pineapple, etc.

In the central and western district immense fields of sugar-cane and tobacco stretch from shore to shore, and are the principal products besides coffee, cocoa, corn, rice, yuca, yame, sweet potatoes, vanilla, etc. Fish of every variety, delicious oysters, and turtles abound in the sea. Only one-sixth of the island of Cuba is said to be under cultivation. On the northern coasts are found immense deposits of salt, in other



places immense beds of iron, copper, and coal.

Birds of fine plumage, such as the mocking-bird, nightingale, the ruby topaz, the emerald, crested humming bird, the crimson maize bird, and hundreds of other varieties of land and water birds are found in great numbers. Wild animals are rarely found, and only of the smaller species.

The cities and ports of the island are connected by railway. Cuba has a climate of almost perpetual summer; no dry season is said to endure; rains are more frequent from May to November. For extreme temperature the warmest day is seldom above  $95^{\circ}$ , the coldest never below  $50^{\circ}$ , the mean temperature being about  $77^{\circ}$ .

#### EARLY SETTLEMENT.

A little town, Nuevitas, on the eastern slope, was the first place where Columbus landed when he discovered the island, October 28, 1492, and he took possession of it in the name of Spain, there planting his banner with its heraldic emblem (comprising

the arms of Castile (castle) and Leon (lion rampant), two kingdoms made one by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella; around



SPANISH COAT OF ARMS.

the outside is the grand cordon of the Golden Fleece, a chain of alternate steels and flints striking fire, with the fleece suspended beneath).

In all the countries Spain has ever dominated one finds this Spanish coat-of-arms cut, carved, and emblazoned.

Columbus named the island Juana, in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. Upon the death of Ferdinand the island was called Fernandina ; later Santiago, for the patron saint of Spain ; still later the inhabitants gave it the name of Ave Maria, in honor of the Holy Virgin, but the old Indian name Cuba has asserted itself triumphantly for four hundred years.

(Having searched for the meaning of the word Cuba, and finding no satisfactory definition, have concluded that it is a contraction of Cohiba, the Indian name for the plant and leaf we call tobacco, the use of which was a confirmed habit among them when the island was discovered. They took the dry leaf of the plant and rolled it inside of another, lighted the end, and inhaled the fumes, which were said to have a stimulating effect, inuring them to long travels and much fatigue.)

Columbus found the Indian inhabitants of the island a kind and gentle race, whom he defended in his later expeditions against the cruel and merciless greed of the Spaniards, for which defense he suffered such

ignominious treatment. They subjected the poor natives to physical coercion when showing the least sign of resistance in part-



TOBACCO PLANTATION.

ing with their riches. Columbus punished the offenders, which so exasperated the rapacious nobles that they plotted his ruin and sent him a prisoner in chains back to

that country which had so lately crowned him with honor and glory.

Spain must ever suffer this disgrace of ingratitude, while the immortal memory of Columbus, the greatest discoverer, glows more brilliantly as the years pass into their cycle of time.

Peace to his ashes ! which have been transferred from place to place, and finally interred beside those of his son Diego, in the cathedral of Havana, on that island, which to him was enchanting in its beauty, intoxicating in its perfume of bud and flower, spice and balm, and in the singing of birds,—a dreamland of luxuriant verdure. Would that his spirit could defend successfully the Cubans to-day, as he tried to defend the poor native Indian against the remorseless Spanish greed four hundred years ago !

In 1511 Spain built her first town at Baracoa on the extreme eastern point, and since has held undisputed possession of the island, except when the English besieged and captured Havana and other important points in 1762 and held them one year. This expedition was led by Lord Albe-



marle, who landed near Havana with an immense fleet in June, but the heat and fever reduced the army to such a small number that defeat was imminent but for the timely arrival of five thousand men from New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, under the command of General Lyman and Lieutenant Colonel Putnam. With their assistance Havana was captured, August 13, after a stubborn resistance, and with it the Spanish surrendered one-fourth of Cuba. The loss in two short months, to both British and Americans, was incredible. Sickness and lack of care, with exposure to the unaccustomed heat of the tropics, wiped out almost the entire army.

There was great scandal about the division of the spoils, the British officers taking the lion's share. While under English rule, Cuba was awakened from her stupor of centuries; negro slaves were brought from adjacent islands to labor; sugar production was established, and commerce encouraged. Yet in one year, forgetting the countless English and American lives that were sacrificed in capturing Cuban



possessions, the British quietly and unexpectedly yielded all these possessions back to Spain, and the details have never been handed down in history.

Although hampered for years by the oppressive restrictions characterizing Spanish rule, Cuba has gone steadily forward, and has become her richest province, exporting annually seventy to eighty million dollars in tobacco and sugar alone. But Cuba does not reap the benefits of her exportations; the government exercised is so unjust and arbitrary that the greatest amount of revenue goes to Spain and to those of her officials on the island.

#### THE LOPEZ AND CRITTENDEN EXPEDITION.

The long continued Spanish oppression has developed a revolutionary spirit in the Cuban, which has asserted itself many times in this century, spreading alarm as well as sympathy, as was evidenced in the Lopez and Crittenden expedition of 1850, which resulted so fatally; both of these men fought to liberate Cuba, but they and



A LIGHTER WITH CARGO.



most of their followers were fated to meet death at Spanish hands. Crittenden was an American and one of the youngest heroes of the Mexican War. Lopez, a native of Venezuela, had married a Cuban lady, and received a commission in the Spanish army, but was obliged to escape from the island on being discovered aiding the insurgents in a revolt. In the United States he enlisted the sympathy of young Crittenden and many others, whom he unconsciously led to their doom. The Spaniards captured their steamer *Pampero*, by strategy, and the three hundred men were caught in the trap and mostly all executed, and as the object of the expedition was not disguised, no interference by the United States government could be made.

#### THE "VIRINIUS" MASSACRE.

Another instance which aroused the sympathy of all America, and embittered the not too friendly feeling toward Spain, was the shocking massacre in 1873 of the American

officers and crew of the *Virginus*, with Captain John Fry in command.

The ship had a cargo of war material, secured at Port au Prince, also a list of passengers, four of whom were later condemned as Cuban insurgents. While the ship was cruising in the neighborhood of the island, she was pursued by the Spanish *Tornado* and captured, but not until most of the cargo was thrown overboard. When Captain Fry protested against detention on the ground of American rights, the Spanish simply trampled upon the American colors and took the "pirate ship" to Santiago de Cuba, where in a court-martial trial the Cuban passengers, the American captain and crew were sentenced to death. In just one month from the day that they sailed from the United States' shores, November 1, 1873, sixty lives had been sacrificed on the altar of Spanish vengeance. Too late came the interference which saved the lives of those yet imprisoned, about one hundred, but Spain was not held to account for these deliberate executions, because her technical rights barred any redress. She proved the

evidence complete that the *Virginus* was engaged in an unlawful enterprise, but on the demand of President Grant, through Congress, Spain surrendered the vessel and survivors to the United States.

THE CASE OF THE "COMPETITOR," AND TREATY RIGHTS.

Only a year ago we were threatened with a parallel case ; the schooner *Competitor*, from the United States, carrying ammunition and merchandise to the insurgents of Cuba, was captured by the Spanish on April 29, 1896, and ten American citizens taken with her were thrown into prison at Morro Castle, Havana, court-martialed, and sentenced to death, General Weyler confirming the sentence ; but the United States at once demanded of Spain postponement of the executions until the treaties were presented and considered, the State department insisting upon a retrial of the American citizens. Spain was given to understand that Americans are protected against drum-head court-martial trials, and that the United



States would insist on the treaty obligations being performed. To refuse meant war. Accordingly the death sentence was revoked and a retrial set for July 1, 1897, to be conducted by a civil tribunal with all the rights guaranteed by treaty.

The critical point was passed and war averted. Had the *Competitor* been a repetition of the *Virginus* horror, recognition of Cuban belligerency would have been declared, satisfaction demanded of Spain for violating treaty obligations, and the fate of the island would have been settled at once, for America is synonymous with victory.

Intervention of our government is based on the treaty of 1795, and the protocol of 1877; the former concerns settling the rights of the two countries in case of war between either of the governments and some other power. The seventh article provides that "the subjects and citizens of each of the contracting parties, their vessels or effects, shall not be liable to any embargo or detention on the part of the other, for any military expedition or public or private pur-

pose whatever, and in all cases of seizures, detention, or arrest for debts contracted by any citizens of the one party within the



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT THE LANDING, HAVANA.

jurisdiction of the other, the same shall be made prosecuted by the order and authority of law only, and according to the regular course of proceeding usual in such cases."

The protocol of conference and declarations, concerning judicial procedure, signed at Madrid by the United States minister Caleb Cushing and Secretary of State

Calderon y Callantis, January 12, 1877, was to terminate amicably all controversy as to the effect of existing treaties in certain matters of judicial procedure.

On the part of Spain the minister of state agrees that "no citizens of the United States residing in Spain, her adjacent islands or her ultramarine possessions, charged with acts of sedition, treason, or conspiracy, or against the institutions, the public security, the integrity of territory, or against the supreme government, or any crime whatever, shall be subject to trial by any exceptional tribunal, but exclusively by the ordinary jurisdiction, except in the cases of being captured with 'arms in hand.'" It was further agreed that "those not captured with 'arms in hand' shall be deemed to have been so arrested, or imprisoned by order of the civil authority, for the effect of the law of April 17, 1821, even though the arrest or imprisonment shall have been effected by armed force." The Americans on the steamer *Competitor* were not captured with arms in hand; at worst, they were caught smuggling ammu-

niton and merchandise into Cuba, not yet declared contraband of war.

Those engaged in running the cargo were liable to punishment as smugglers, and the legal penalty for smuggling even in Cuba is not death.

The seventh article of the treaty of 1795 provides that "the citizens and subjects of both parties shall be allowed to employ such advocates, solicitors and notaries, agents and factors, as they may judge proper, in all these affairs, and in all their trial at law in which they may be concerned before the tribunal of the other party ; and such agents shall have free access to be present at the proceedings in such cases, and at the taking of all examinations which may be exhibited in the said trial."

The protocol of 1877 goes into more detail. It provides that whether the trial be before a civil tribunal or court-martial, "the parties accused are allowed to name attorneys and advocates, who shall have access to them at suitable times ; they shall be furnished in due season with copy of accusation and a list of witnesses for the

prosecution, which latter shall be examined before the presumed criminal, his attorney and advocate, in conformity with the provisions of articles 20 to 31 of the said law of April 17, 1821."

"They shall have right to compel the witnesses, of whom they desire to avail themselves, to appear and give testimony, or to do it by means of depositions; they shall present such evidence as they may judge proper, and they shall be permitted to be present and to make their defense in public trial, orally or in writing, by themselves or by means of their counsel."

No matter what the offense of the condemnation, according to the above, American citizens should have every right accorded them by international law, as existing between United States and Spain.

It was after this filibustering affair that President Cleveland issued his proclamation on Cuba, explaining the neutrality laws as interpreted by the Supreme Court, warning all citizens of the United States and others within their jurisdiction that all



IN THE VICINITY OF THE COLUMBUS MEMORIAL.





violations of these laws would be vigorously prosecuted.

Spain offsetting this, at the same time proclaimed a reward of ten thousand dollars for any information leading to the capture within Spanish waters of a filibustering expedition.

The last session of Congress during President Cleveland's term was concerned with the Cuban question ; joint resolutions were offered in Congress calling upon the United States' Executive to recognize Cuba's independence, and take speedy action to end the war on the island.

There were many debates in the House concerning Secretary Olney's statement, that the Constitution does not empower Congress without the President's authority to recognize the independence of a foreign country. Six months have passed since, and the fate of the island is still unsettled.

#### THE TEN YEARS' WAR.

At the outset of the Ten Years' War in 1868, the Cuban revolutionists, or reform

party, published a Declaration of Independence, in which they cite their grievances as the cause of their rebellion, and which, though modified, are the same to-day. Taken from the "Story of Cuba" by Murat Halstead :

"The Cuban Declaration of Independence, published October 10, 1867.

"In arming ourselves against the tyrannical government of Spain, we must, according to precedent in all civilized countries, proclaim before the world the cause that impels us to take this step, which, though likely to entail considerable disturbances upon the present, will insure the happiness of the future.

"It is well known that Spain governs the island of Cuba with an iron and blood-stained hand. The former holds the latter deprived of political, civil, and religious liberty : hence the unfortunate Cubans, being illegally prosecuted and sent into exile, or executed by military commissioners in time of peace ; hence their being kept from public meeting, and forbidden to speak or write on affairs of state ; hence

their remonstrances against the evils that afflict them being looked upon as the proceedings of rebels—from the fact that they are bound to keep silence and obey ; hence the never-ending plague of hungry officials from Spain to devour the product of their industry and labor ; hence their exclusion from public station, and want of opportunity to fit themselves for the art of government ; hence the restrictions to which public instruction with them is subjected, in order to keep them so ignorant as not to be able to know and enforce their rights in any shape or form whatever ; hence the navy and the standing army, which are kept in their country at an enormous expenditure from their own wealth, to make them bend their knees and submit their necks to the iron yoke that disgraces them ; hence the grinding taxation under which they labor and which would make them all perish in misery but for the marvelous fertility of their soil.”

The reform party which published this declaration consisted of most of the influential Cubans, and they strained every

resource petitioning the Spanish government to make the necessary redresses in her Cuban policy, but she paid not the slightest heed ; on the contrary, she exacted increased taxation ; the revolt then assumed the proportions of earnest war and stretched over a dreary length of ten years, until 1878, when the Treaty of Zanjón terminated that long and unsuccessful struggle for liberty. This treaty was a compact made by Spain and accepted by Cuba through General Campos (there were rumors of bribery concerning it). Spain tries to prove through her Liberal Autonomist party, which condemns this present revolution, that she has been more than just in carrying out her compact or treaty, but the insurgents declare the said compact a "snare and a delusion" ; that only the dress of her policy was changed, with lavish promises of reform, but not the policy itself ; it is the same old nightmare, under other forms, not quite so bold, but the substance is real flesh and blood, and quite as hideous.

Gradually the shadow of the truce van-

ished completely, hence the sad state of the island to-day, and the insurgents claim that if Spain had used the least bit of mercy in reducing taxation when the financial condition of the island two years ago was so very low, and made them a partial loan on their debt—had she only been true to her compact of 1878, then she would not have brought this trouble upon herself—to learn the lesson all over again.

#### THE NATIVES.

Nearly one million of the people on the island of Cuba are white, of the same race, tongue, and religion as Spain, and it seems unnatural that children should fight against the mother country when they have been tied to her apron string so long, but Spain has proved herself incapable of a motherly feeling. The colony of golden products could have been retained in loyalty if kindness and consideration had replaced tyranny and oppression. Their spirits, broken under the yoke, could tolerate the bondage no longer. Too late now for redress ; and



it must be a bitter lesson to Spain—her last treasure-child to spurn the lifelong protection (?) in such a public rebellious way.

Those born on the island, white, black, or mixed, are called Cubans—mostly of Spanish and negro descent, and are known as the natives; the Peninsulars are those Spaniards who have adopted Cuba as their home, but according to Cuban sentiment are neither natives nor Cubans. A strong sympathy has united the Cuban whites and blacks; they live in perfect harmony. Fighting for common rights has removed all race or party faction; they are one in interests and desires—the freedom of their loved island home. The proportion in population is a little more than half white; they claim a small white majority in each of the six provinces.

Out of the one million six hundred thousand population of Cuba, there are said to be sixty thousand volunteers who fight for Spanish supremacy, and oppose most fiercely the independence of the island. They are considered by the insurgents to be Cuba's most remorseless enemies.



SPANISH SOLDIERS AT THE MAIN BARRACKS IN HAVANA.



The *insurgents* are those in open rebellion.

The *pacificos* are those Cubans who tried to preserve a neutral ground, but have been the victims of such a cruel fate.

When General Weyler took command, he issued that unfortunate order which resulted so fatally to many of these *pacificos*, and to the island as well.

The edict went forth, that all living in the country would be considered insurgents unless they sought refuge within a specified time in the nearest fortified town. Scarcely had time been given them to comply with the order when hundreds were imprisoned and murdered as insurgents by Spanish guerrillas and soldiers. The remaining *pacificos* were brought into Spanish quarters, their huts and houses burned, their gardens laid waste, that the insurgents might have no benefit from them ; this strenuous command with its deadly results made the rebellious spirit crop out of many *pacificos*, who in place of obeying the order joined the army of insurgents, many women following husbands, fathers, and brothers.

Only those who had no other alternative—women with children, the weak and infirm, submitted to be housed, fed, and protected by the Spaniards. And what protection have they received? Herded in towns or around the forts in quarters not fit for cattle; no sanitation; no care; little food; sickness and disease spreading rapidly; yellow fever and smallpox carrying off hundreds, while pure air and a clean habitation might have saved them. Is this civilized warfare?

The insurgent, unconscious of the suffering and starvation in his family, which is supposed to be enjoying Spanish hospitality, roams among the hills of his native isle breathing the pure air of health, and growing stronger every day in the force of his convictions for freedom, while with his *machete* or knife he can keep starvation at bay.

#### NAÑIGOS, THE OUTLAWS OF CUBA.

The ignorant denounce the insurgents as an army of robbers, cut-throats, and incendiaries, confounding them with that

lawless band of miscreants called *nañigos*, who, by their murderous outrages and plunderings, have intensified the horrors of the present war. They are a band of outlaws similar to the Mafia in Italy; their bond of union is murder, which crime alone makes them eligible for membership, and as soon as they can show the bloody knife with which they have slain their victim, they become full fledged members and are then supposed to be qualified for the most fiendish acts or crimes.

The island for years has been infested with these scoundrels, who are responsible for many of the robberies, desecrations, and murders attributed to the insurgents and Spaniards. They care neither for Spanish rule nor Cuban independence, and kill and rob Royalist or patriot with equal readiness. They have occupied the highways, and have been more bold in their bloody deeds and outrageous devastations because of the internal disorders.

This brigandage, which has been rife all over the island, is one of the most deplorable misfortunes of this war, but General



Weyler has done one good turn to the Cubans in almost entirely suppressing these bandits.

By strategy he has captured one band after another, and shipped them off the island for penal service in Spain's African colony.

While in Havana last March we watched one of the Spanish steamers in the harbor take on a cargo of human freight, five hundred of these murderous *nañigos*, all in chains; and in their faces one could read the story of their bloody crimes. They seemed to be the mongrel offspring of the Cuban race.

#### THE PRESENT STRUGGLE, AND METHODS OF WAR.

In February, 1895, this present war broke out; one month after, in March, Spain issued its manifesto of reform in its Cuban policy, to be adopted as soon as parts of the island were pacified. Rumors were rife this spring that the day was at hand, but there is no evidence yet of any pacification,



THREE SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR, HARBOR OF HAVANA, BEFORE SUNRISE.



and the manifesto has had little effect. The insurgents saw in it only a gilded tyranny, broken promises in the past, broken promises in the future. Cuba's faith in Spain has been crushed; yes, killed—beyond the point of revivifying. Spain has always made her offerings in times of war very attractive and tempting, but dead-sea apples they have proven in the end.

The liberty-loving Cuban, with his past experiences, cannot be tempted even with a reform, no matter in how attractive a dress it appears; he is willing to die for freedom. Liberty or death!

Death rules the very island itself, through smallpox and yellow fever, starvation and want; yet these are not so deadly as the spirit of oppressive rule, which has resulted in barbarous warfare, starving, crushing, and killing the very life of the island; the innocent blood that has been shed and mingled with the ashes of seared and blighted unharvested crops must ever remain a blot upon Spanish war methods.

The whole of the island is involved in

this great struggle, the insurgents occupying the hills and plains through the country, but with no permanent headquarters. The Spanish hold the cities, the seaports, inland towns, and the lines along the railroad ; all being securely fortified. They have worked with a will and a purpose, cutting many roads through deep jungles, and constructing forts in most commanding places. The latter, distributed over the island, are garrisoned by a handful of soldiers securely sheltered and fed, who ward off the insurgents' attack by firing through loopholes in the bullet-proof masonry walls ; but, not being expert marksmen, they fail to make any serious impression on the rebels.

The rebels have been known to lie in ambush near the forts and wait for the appearance of the defenders ; and with their rifles, being typical sharpshooters, they pick off one after another of the Spaniards as easily as plucking with the hand an apple from an overhanging bough.

The fortifications are so constructed that they encircle the cities and towns, and the

strictest discipline is maintained to prevent communication with the outside country.

The trochas are supposedly impassable lines stretching north to south from shore to shore, built for the purpose of blockading the rebel armies, but all of us have read how Gomez and Maceo crossed them successfully several times. The trochas are said to be an indescribable jumble of fallen trees, which have been felled for the purpose of obstruction, with banks of earth, and endless stretches of barbed wire intricately suspended and carried for hundreds of yards along the ground in different directions, each wire connecting with bombs which the slightest disturbance would explode, making a death trap for any trespasser, let alone the insurgent.

The manner of warfare carried on between Spaniard and insurgent—ambuscades and guerrilla attacks, with no open field encounters—is due to the lay of the irregular and mountainous country, which is so well adapted for these hide and seek methods.

The hills are covered with dense forests



and jungles, the plains with grasses and bushes towering to man's height ; the lowlands are marshy. The Cubans of course know well every crag and crevice and path, and are secure from pursuit or discovery, for the Spaniard will not risk treading on unknown ground until the guerrillas have first reconnoitered ; the reconnoissance generally resulting in the atrocious attacks on the insurgents that have been reported from time to time. There are no clear plains where army can be led against army, except on the now devastated plantations.

It seems reasonable to conclude that due to these causes is the indefinite continuance of this struggle ; the Spanish, secure in their fortifications, send out daily a band of guerrillas and a flying column to survey the outlying districts, which return to their garrisons at night ; if the insurgents have left their mountain retreat, to burn or raid in the neighborhood of Spanish forts, and fearlessly present themselves, a skirmish ensues ; that satisfies the code of Spanish warfare—Spain does not pursue the enemy. If at the outset of this rebellion she had



A RESIDENT AVENUE IN HAVANA.

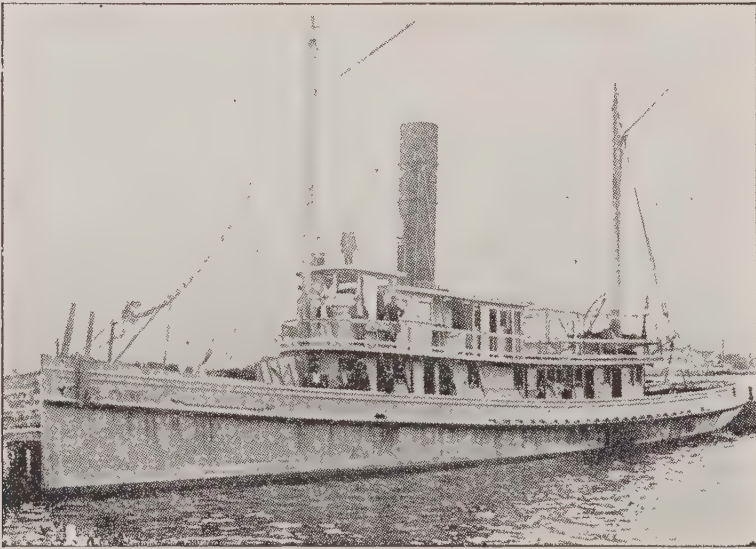


taken her troops into camp on the fields of action and pursued the insurgents, she would have quelled the rebellion long before this, but she little dreamed it would spread so rapidly and be so serious. Serious it must impress her, for she is still building fortifications, and in every way defending her property rights by land and water. She is building and not fighting, meaning to exterminate the insurgents by starvation; but the western shore, north and south, is marked by coves and islands, well sheltered, from which the insurgent makes his depredations by water and where supplies are brought; and if the filibustering continues (having so far been carried on most successfully in spite of Uncle Sam's watchfulness), or any more Spanish supply ships, like the *Delia* captured September 24, 1896, come in his path, we need not worry over their prospects of starvation, and while the Spanish armies are immobile the insurgents are not wasting their short supply of ammunition.

Shiploads of supplies, cattle, and horses are brought to the island almost daily for

the Spaniards, but none for the insurgents, except what the Cuban juntas in foreign lands send on the filibustering steamers.

Along the keys of Florida we have witnessed several exciting runs between the



"THE THREE FRIENDS."

United States cruisers and some of these steamers, notably that of *The Three Friends*, which, since the last of March, 1897, is no longer engaged in that unlawful(?) enterprise.

#### THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.

The island of Cuba constitutes a single Spanish province under the government of

a captain general, sometimes referred to as governor general. Since the last war, 1878, it has been divided into six lesser provinces, with a sub-division into judicial districts.

The provinces, beginning at the western end of the island, are Pinar del Rio, where Maceo made his headquarters ; then comes Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara (about central), Puerto Principe, and Santiago de Cuba, the eastern province, and where Gomez landed when he took command of the liberating army. Spain is a military government, her laws being enforced by arms ; and the captain general—a military chieftain who is the exponent of the law of Spain—is supreme in power.

When the rebellion started in February, 1895, General Martinez Campos was captain general ; but Spain not deeming him capable of subduing the insurgents after his unsuccessful efforts of a year, recalled him and appointed General D. Valeriano Weyler to command. During the transfer General Marin from Porto Rico filled the executive office. General Weyler, the captain general, is commander-in-chief of the



Spanish army at the present writing (spring of 1897). The troops consist of one hundred and fifty thousand men from Spain—Cuba giving sixty thousand volunteers. These volunteers are mostly Spaniards who have been on the island in military service, to so escape the five years' service in Spain, for enlistment in Cuba is only of three years' duration.

In order to offset the prominence the Cuban blacks have attained in the insurrection, General Weyler has given them due consideration in the army, claiming his policy is the same to white and black. His bodyguard is composed of blacks, and a number of the guerrillas are black; a band of which is attached to each battalion of the army, their chieftain being Benito Cerreros.

In not a few cases where the Spaniards have claimed bloody victories, they proved to be nothing short of murderous assaults; the guerrillas mistaking the pacificos for insurgents, or, hungering for blood, butchered those unarmed and unresisting victims, whose only crime was that of being outside the fortified limits.

And then we read of Spanish feasting and merrymaking after such atrocious deeds, reminding us of the savage Indian tribes, in their hideous war dances, besmeared with blood, waving aloft the scalps of their enemies. In a civilized nation we do look for civilized warfare.

Since the outbreak of the war many Spanish soldiers as well as officers have succumbed to the scourge of fever and cholera which came with last season's rain. In certain localities the death rate among them averaged thirty a day, their ranks being thinned also by the unsanitary condition of their barracks and forts, yet Spain is conscious of nothing but that Cuba, her richest province, is her last American possession; she clings to it with a death grasp; the thought of being forced to part with such a gem of her own finding, makes fighting for it a most determined struggle; wholesale loss of life among her soldiers, and even the loss of millions, are of no consequence to her if she can only retain her power over the Queen of Islands.

In this present struggle Spain has

already spent over two hundred million dollars, maintaining an army numbering over two hundred thousand ; but until all available funds are exhausted, her credit gone, or disease wipes out the army, she will continue her tyrannical rule unless the United States interfere.

France spent millions of lives and dollars to retain possession of her West Indian island, Hayti, and had to yield it in the end ; her loss was apparent from the beginning, but through all time just so much blood has had to be shed to gain the victory of freedom.

#### THE CUBAN ARMY.

Cuba in this war has spent two million dollars, and has raised an army of seventy thousand men, forty per cent. black and sixty per cent. white, divided into the army of invasion and the army of occupation.

The president of the revolutionary government is Marquis de Santa Lucia ; the vice president, Bartolomé Maso. General Maximo Gomez (white), the grand old



A PASSENGER BOAT, HAVANA BAY.



man of the war, more than seventy years of age, is commander-in-chief of the liberating army. He has been a soldier all his life, and was noted for his courage and persistency during the last ten-year war. For many years he has lived in San Domingo, or Hayti, with his wife and family, and there the insurgents proffered him the command of the Cuban army, which he accepted, and is now fulfilling as a most sacred trust.

The patriots are struggling under adverse conditions—without headquarters, moving and operating without bases, depots, or hospitals, or objective points. Gomez outlined a policy at the beginning, clear, simple, and effective, and was aided by the invaluable services of the two Maceos (mulattoes), Antonio and José, brothers. Antonio was lieutenant general, and leader of the cavalry army of invasion which gained so many successful victories in the west end of the island; but on December 7, 1896, while he was conferring under a flag of truce with the Spanish leader, Major Cerujeda, he was treacherously taken and murdered. Young



Francisco Gomez, son of General Gomez, fell beside Maceo in battle, or was murdered with his brave leader. A few weeks after this event, on December 31, the Cubans, without their great leader, under Dr. Pedro E. Betancourt, brigadier of the patriot army, outgeneraled the Spanish in an all-day's engagement near the town of Cuba Mocha, defeating and routing the Spaniards, who left one hundred and fifty dead on the field.

José Marti was another ardent patriot who has taken his eternal stand among the army of Cuban martyrs.

General Rivera has filled the vacancy made by the loss of Antonio Maceo, and in the western province has kept up a guerrilla warfare, while General Gomez is operating in the central provinces and General Garcia in the eastern—Santiago de Cuba.

On January 18, 1897, the wives and daughters of the rebel leaders were thrown into prison at Puerto Principe.

At this time General Gomez was marching westward, driving out the Spanish and burning their towns in Santa Clara. About

the same time General Weyler left Havana with ten thousand men, advancing toward Santa Clara, and ordering the destruction of all plantations and buildings in Havana Province that could shelter rebels, which measure elicited an immediate protest from Madrid.

On the 7th of February, 1897, a decree was issued by Spain granting reforms, but the insurgents unconditionally spurned it. They are fighting for independence now, and not for reform.

What the insurgents lack in discipline they make up in earnestness and patriotism. Their ranks are made up of lawyers, physicians, merchants, farmers, engineers, mechanics, etc. Men are in the ranks who have helped to burn their own sugar cane, their homes and property, in the cause of freedom.

They have three attributes in common: they can sit a horse well, use their rifles as the best of marksmen, and wield the deadly *machete*.

The *machete* is the sword of the Cuban; a heavy straight knife blade—curving to a

point—set in a bone handle. It is sharp as a razor, and the Cuban has become an adept in the handling of it. The *machete* is not exclusively an implement of warfare; it is used in cutting the sugar cane, in clearing paths through jungles, and cutting the thorny brush and cacti of the plains. Even women are numbered among the insurgent army, many of them mulattoes. Clothed in men's attire, fighting in the saddle, wielding the powerful *machete*, they are as brave and daring as the husbands, fathers, and brothers who protect and encourage them. Several women insurgents have been taken prisoners and suffered such ignominious and inhuman treatment as only Weyler's Spanish officers and soldiers are capable of inflicting.

The noble and heroic actions of the women from the outbreak of the war have elicited wide-spread sympathy and admiration. When at the first outbreak in the absence of their protectors they were left the sole guardian of the home and estate, and news came that the



CALLE OBISPO, THE PRINCIPAL SHOPPING STREET IN HAVANA.



Spaniards were nearing their locality, they destroyed their crops and set fire to their homes, and with their babies fled from one town to another, destroying and burning as their enemy appeared, leaving nothing but ashes for spoils; and finally reached the camps of the insurgents where, enduring untold privations, they at least suffer no such ill-treatment and diabolical torture as is meted out to their unfortunate sisters in greater or less degree under the Spanish surveillance in the prison forts.

The Cuban women in the larger cities and towns have shown their patriotism in many ways,—supplying food, clothing, and money as fast as they could collect it, and running great risks in communicating with the insurgents; but since more severe discipline is maintained under the iron rule of Weyler, all communications are cut off, and many are the broken and bleeding hearts mourning over the unknown fate of loved ones on both sides. The women are said to hate and loathe the very name of Weyler, whose cruel and fiendish nature has asserted itself in so many instances, and it is no



wonder that rather than submit to his power they have fled with the insurgents,—preferring to die in battle or at the hands of guerrillas.

If all the reports are true concerning his brutal treatment of the Cuban women, his disregard for all moral laws, disposing of them among the officers like so much merchandise, and casting the poor helpless victims of his passion to his black slaves, murdering them and their children to “exterminate the rebellious race,” then ought we, as women, to force our pleadings to the Capitol itself, and demand of our representatives interference on Cuba’s behalf for this outrageous inhumanity.

Murat Halstead, in his “Story of Cuba,” publishes a letter from General Gomez, written March 15, 1896, showing his attitude to General Weyler :

“He [General Weyler] is nearly worn out and hoarse from proclamation and speeches, and his military judgment is far inferior to that of General Campos, and we

have marched with even greater ease from one section of the country to the other.

“Weyler’s coming has benefited the Cuban cause in many ways. His record



A PINEAPPLE FIELD.

was against him, and the world knew that Spain intended to be cold-blooded and inhuman when she sent him. The people of Cuba knew this also, and thousands of men who were not inclined to join one side or the other while General Campos remained are now bearing arms with our flag. The majority of Spaniards are not fiends and

butchers by any means, and when a human devil is sent to lead them in the work of murder and outrage, they naturally refuse to follow him. Although massacres have occurred, and although homes have been ruined and womanhood outraged by order of Weyler, the lovers of Cuba may thank God that he was sent to command Spain's army in Cuba.

"We are charged with burning homes, destroying railroads, and laying growing fields waste—and the charges are in a measure true. We have carried out such plans believing that in such a cause, and against such an enemy, we were right. But no man can truthfully say that we have outraged God and love and humanity, even for liberty's sake.

"I am here to lead an army against Spain, against her army, her towns, her revenues, and I shall wage it so long as the Almighty Father gives me strength."

Although the Cuban colonies all over the world send ammunition, supplies, and a monthly remittance of three hundred thou-

sand dollars, still these are inadequate for all purposes. The insurgents have not the power to force the issue of this war, and are obliged to remain on the defensive, while Spain, instead of leading her armies into the field, spends her borrowed money to build more fortifications, and pay the double salaries of her officers and men who remain immobile. The Spanish soldiers are not in a hurry for these emoluments to cease, and are quite indifferent to the outlook of continued strife, which, considering the irregular warfare and the mountainous country, and Weyler's policy to exterminate the insurgents by starvation or imprisonment in the mountain fastnesses, is likely to drag along indefinitely, unless sufficient evidence of the total disregard of treaty rights and unwarranted ill-treatment of any American subject should be produced to necessitate a demand for immediate action on the part of the United States.

CONSUL GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

Our present consul at Havana, General Fitzhugh Lee, former Governor of Virginia,

was appointed April 13, 1896, to succeed Ramon O. Williams resigned, and a most fortunate appointment it has proved. This conflict between Spain and the insurgents has demanded of an American representative that extreme tact and delicacy of handling which with other rare qualities General Lee possesses ; he is a born diplomatist, dignified and military in his bearing ; handsome, genial, and with the courteous grace of a Chesterfield, he wins his visitor at once.

Newspaper artists and correspondents are unanimous in their praise of Consul Lee for the consideration he has shown them and for the policy he pursues in all official business. The cases where Americanized Cubans have assisted in the insurrection, and when captured used their American rights as a cloak of protection, have required investigations conducted in such a manner as to preserve the confidence of the Spanish Government, and have been more difficult of accomplishment than we imagine. However, a clash with Spanish authorities did come in February, 1897, over the mys-

terious death in prison, on February 18, 1897, of the American dentist Dr. Ruiz. Consul General Lee had previously demanded the instant release and speedy civil trial of the American citizens unjustly imprisoned in Cuba as political suspects, and sent in his resignation to the United States government unless they dispatched a warship to Cuba to enforce these demands.

The subject was at once presented to the House and Senate, which passed joint resolutions peremptorily demanding the release of the American prisoners—Sanguilly and Scott being released at this time.

Then came the inauguration of our new administration under President McKinley, who prevailed upon Consul Lee to wait until matters could be thoroughly investigated, which is being done at the present. Pending further developments, the President urged an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the American residents of Cuba, who through the wholesale destruction of plantations, fields, and buildings have lost everything, and are said to be in dire need.



It was not generally known that the American interests on the island were quite so extensive, representing millions of dollars, which have been swept away by the torch of the Spaniard.

Weyler, suspecting that American property-holders were in league with the insurgents, or that by the continuance of the mills and industries controlled by Americans the insurgents might be benefited, under some pretext or other closed the factories, shut down the mills, and in some cases had the property with all the valuable machinery destroyed.

Yet Spain posed as a protector to American interests, and, blaming the destruction of property on the rebel army, offered the homeless and in many cases penniless Americans shelter and food—disease-stricken quarters, and meager rations! Their sad condition and suffering have so increased that their cries of distress have reached our own shores. Several hundred families have already been assisted by the relief fund which Consul Lee is dispensing to the suffering Americans in Cuba.



LEADING TO THE CITY GATES, HAVANA.



The latest press reports contain the closing of the investigation of Dr. Ruiz's case by Consul Lee and the special commissioner W. J. Calhoun, both of whom hold Spain responsible for Dr. Ruiz's death. General Lee's report states that Dr. Ricardo Ruiz was an American citizen, about forty-six years of age, dentist by profession, and resided with his wife and family in the town of Guanabacoa, four miles from Havana ; he was arrested on the 4th of February, 1897, at his house, charged with being connected with an attack made by insurgents on a railroad train, January 16, 1897, at a point midway between Guanabacoa and Havana. The evidence of his most intimate friends and neighbors shows he was quiet and domestic in taste, a peaceful American citizen, and that on the night in question he was at a neighbor's house and knew nothing of the attack until morning.

He was thrust into one of the smallest cells in jail, in solitary confinement, with no comforts ; bedding and a chair brought by his wife were refused him, but they finally allowed him the chair. During his

imprisonment nobody but the jailers ever saw him. February 4 he was carried alive to his cell, a well built, athletic, and healthy man, and at the end of three hundred and fifteen hours was brought out a corpse, the 18th of February, 1897. The autopsy disclosed a severe wound on the top of his head, which had occasioned his death.

All investigation of the deathblow has revealed nothing, as the jailers will not testify to the truth, or implicate themselves; but inquiry and interference by the United States must come because of the violation of treaty rights, since as an American citizen Ruiz was entitled to a trial by the civil courts.

The treaty was violated in regard to the manner of his confinement, the law demanding that "provisional imprisonment shall be made in the manner and form least prejudicial to the person and reputation of the accused," also in regard to the length of his confinement over and above the seventy-two hour limit; while the manner of his death must ever remain the deepest mystery. From a letter of Dr. Ruiz's wife I quote the following:

“The clothes that were returned to me after the killing of my husband include the hat, which bears unmistakable proofs of having been struck with a heavy club—while the Spaniards claim he wore it when he beat his head against the prison walls—which is ridiculous; they also claim to prove that things were allowed him for comforts, when in truth they refused taking the necessary furnishings I brought, and not until the fourteenth day of his arrest did they permit him the steamer chair which Consul Lee has now in his possession, and which bears the last message to me and mine scratched with his finger nails on the rim across the back: ‘Mercedes, Nene, Evangeline, Ricardito, Good-by, my children of my life, I give you my blessing; be obedient to your mother. They will kill me. Good-by, Rita of my soul.’

“Spain cannot indemnify me for the death of my husband. Millions and millions of dollars cannot secure his return to me. I can never hope to be indemnified for his murder, but my children cry out even for the necessities of life, and those



who took their natural protector from them should at least be made to provide for their bringing up. I know the United States government will not fail me. I have ever felt full confidence in this country's ability and disposition to right the wrong that was done to me and my children for no other cause than that my husband and their father was a citizen of this country, and delighted in the fact. His American citizenship was the only reason for his arrest; the only reason for his foul murder in his lonely cell in that foul Guanabacoa jail. Almost a month and a half had elapsed between the attack on the train and my husband's arrest. During all that time he was not missed a single day or hour in Guanabacoa. If he had been in the attack the authorities would have known it the next day, and they certainly would have arrested him forthwith. Why, then, did they wait so long? The fact is that at the time that he was arrested there was a particular strong feeling against Americans in Guanabacoa, and the Spaniards sacrificed my husband for no other reason.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S SUMMER PALACE, HAVANA SUBURBS.



“Ricardo was killed. He did not kill himself. He was not the sort of a man to despair and abandon hope. His message on the chair, scratched with finger nails, ‘They are killing me,’ moreover, proves this.”

Mrs. Ruiz has filed a claim for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars with the Department of State, and she has the personal assurances of President McKinley and Secretary Sherman of their interest in this sad case. The claim rests not upon the fact that the Spaniards killed Ruiz while he was in jail, for the murder cannot be proven, but the claim is based upon the fact that he was imprisoned more than seventy-two hours, the treaty limit, and having died in prison the Spaniards must accept responsibility and answer for his illegal imprisonment.

In a letter to a friend in Mexico, General Weyler wrote recently :

“The aspect of the war could not be more satisfactory, as there are only a few

handfuls of rebels in the western province, and their strength is failing; peace may come sooner than expected, and the termination and complete subjugation of the enemies of Spain in the island is an event anxiously awaited by the sons of Spain in the Peninsula and in Cuba."

And yet in the face of this comes the report—that the war for food has begun in Havana, several small shopkeepers being murdered and the food stolen, while the money was left untouched. It is also reported that the selling of cartridges to the insurgents is common in Havana Province, as the soldiers lack money for cigarettes and food. A captain, lieutenant, and fifty-eight soldiers have been condemned to be shot, because they sold arms and medicines to the Cubans.

#### THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

Spain's actions have been sufficiently antagonistic in all that concerns Americans to demand retaliation; and she hates us because

of our evident sympathy for the insurgent. She mistrusts every American man or woman in Cuba, and visible or invisible spies track one's every step, and when opinions are expressed they must be uttered *sotto voce*. Even then you fear the very walls have ears, and that the *commandante* awaits you outside to marshal you to Morro Castle and imprisonment.

Since Weyler has drawn his iron lines about all correspondents, confining them to the cities, preventing their movements into the country, and checking in this way any further communication with the rebels, the news of the war has been rather disconnected and uncertain. It is to be feared that we do not appreciate the constant danger of those correspondents who are risking their lives to secure news from the insurgents' camp, to supply the press, for our reading.

We are a cold, calculating, and indifferent public, critical only when our interests are concerned, and the hurry and scurry of business life make men indifferent to all outside their immediate circle; they skim over the surface of life in a hurricane



wind regardless of the current beneath ; or trudge along in a laboring path, in which all efforts for life are purely mechanical,



A NATIVE FRUIT CARRIER.

with no heart, no soul ! half of them need a good shaking up, mentally, morally, and physically.

Sometime ago I had an experience on a train in the South, which illustrates one's

habitual indifference. I was one of a large number of passengers comfortably seated in one of the luxuriant coaches, indifferent to all else but that our destination was only an hour's run longer. After listening to some exciting experiences related by one of the officials of the road, he extended to me the privilege of "riding on the engine." Accordingly, when the next stop was made, I was taken in charge and placed in command with the engineer, to enjoy a novel experience. It was in the darkness of night, with not even the flicker of a star in the heavens, when the great iron monster began to snort and puff, increasing its power and speed little by little, until the deafening roar of its gathered forces, and the opening and closing of the great furnace door every minute or two, the creaking of ties groaning under such ponderous weight, and the echo of all thundering through the neighboring forests stunned my very senses. The road being very rough, made the rate of speed—forty miles an hour—seem greater than it was. Conscious only of the feeling that some

mighty giant of limitless power was rushing me along in the unknown world to some fascinatingly dangerous fate, I yielded powerless, but with an intensity of suspense which, if continued, might have destroyed reason itself. But fortunately at this moment the engineer checked my bewildered senses, by pointing out through the blackness to a faint halo of light suspended over the city of our destination. For the first time in my life I began to realize what iron nerve and heroic courage an engineer requires to perform his duties. The slightest carelessness on his part, the least miscalculation in regulating the engine, would mean death and destruction to all those committed to his trust. His own fate, he said, "rests with Providence, who is ever watchful." Think of the tension on his life, the constant anxiety of a spreading rail, an unsafe bridge, a mountain slide, the innumerable and undreamed of dangers that daily occur! When our goal was reached I took the soot and dust-begrimed hand of the engineer, pressed it gratefully and reverently, and

told him I never before understood his position, his responsibility. In the luxury of the modern coach we travel along, suffering no anxiety about the danger constantly lurking in our way, and seldom ever give but a passing thought to that noble custodian of our lives who trusts in Providence, and does his duty sometimes at the sacrifice of his own life.

I watched the hundred and more passengers who filed out of the depot past the huge iron monster, which still puffed as though chafing under restraint, and noticed that not an eye was turned in the direction of the engineer who had guided them so safely to this point. It is all the result of the habit of indifference which we cultivate unconsciously more and more every day.

In reading the foreign dispatches from the present seats of war, Cuba and Greece, how many of us think with what great peril this same news is collected? Among the past and present correspondents in Cuba, such men as Sylvester Scovel, Thomas W. Steeps, Grover Flint, George Bronson Rae, John T. Rays, etc., at the

risk of life have endured hardship and dangers worthy of a better cause.

It is easy enough for those correspondents in Havana and other well fortified places to sit in their comfortable offices, where I saw them two short months ago, and pen accounts of skirmishes and battles; of atrocious cruelties practiced by the Spanish guerrillas and soldiers; of the rampages, robberies, and murders by the lawless bandits who infest the country broadcast, killing insurgent, pacifico, or Spaniard; of poverty- and disease-stricken natives dying by hundreds; of the wholesale destruction of property, and the complete devastation of the island; I repeat it is easy enough to write of these things in secure quarters, with plenty to eat and drink, and a place to sleep, and no dangers to encounter, but those correspondents on the field of action (whose names have just been given), who seek news from the insurgents' camp, by exposing health and life,—they are the ones whose services are not properly appreciated. Their self-imposed duties for the public press—for your information





"THE TWO FRIENDS."





and mine—lie along most dangerous roads. For the insurgents' camp is not of definite location, here to-day, there to-morrow, and all encountered outside the Spanish line, be they Cuban or American, are considered insurgents and shot on sight.

The field correspondent is a hunted deer, seeking his own food, suffering from want and exposure, in constant fear of death at the hands of the lawless bandits, or of murder by Spanish guerrillas. Once in the camps of the insurgents he endures their trials and struggles, and, not inured to their mode of living, must suffer untold privations. Then at the risk of life again, he plots and plans until he can send his communications from the camp to the press. The public accepts it as a matter of course, without a thought of the man, without a hope of his fate, without appreciation of his brave services on behalf of the American press ; even our own government fails to realize his endangered position, by not recognizing his duties as official.

In a recent letter from one of these correspondents, Thos. W. Steeps, to the

press, we learn of his enduring thirty days of hard marching, and the attendant privations and dangers, before he reached Major General Calixto Garcia,—who, he writes, “stands at the head of the military activities of the Cubans, while Maximo Gomez represents the brains of the whole patriot movement. Gomez invents, plans and determines, Garcia fights the enemy,”—and that he is only the second correspondent who has seen Garcia since the rebellion began. Consequently a hearty welcome was extended to him, for Garcia has practically been exiled for months, and was eager for news, rejoicing in the good wishes of all Americans, but showing disappointment when he learned that our Congress had not yet matured its plans in regard to Cuba. Garcia, to quote from Steep’s letter, says: “We are too weak to drive the tyrannical Spaniards from our distressed island. We shall never be able to overcome them by force of arms. We shall overcome them by force of persistency—by starving them out of the towns.”

“Our offensive movements,” he said,

“have been principally in the attack of convoys. The Spaniards still have garrisons in a number of inland towns.

“We have not molested these towns simply because it would be of no practical advantage to us. This is the situation : the Spaniards will not give up these towns, because that would be an indication of weakness, and the Spanish officers would be severely reprimanded. The garrisons cost Spain money, and we are making the war as expensive for Spain as we possibly can.

“When a convoy comes out of a seaport town, we attack and harass it. We take its supplies and ammunition. I have taken a number of these convoys. I took one, the biggest one, on the Canto near Guamo, about the middle of December.”

The taking of this convoy was the biggest thing Garcia has done, except the raiding of Guianaro. The correspondent remarks, “Garcia is getting very old, and he shows it ; he has been a brave soldier, not only in this, but in the Ten Years’ War, during which he received a wound, the marks of which he still honorably bears.”

I was informed in Havana that not one-third of the startling news which blazed forth in huge headlines in our papers regarding the war had one word of foundation of truth. Who is responsible? The blame has been put on the correspondent, justly or unjustly? I regret to repeat what was told me while there, that among the representatives of the American press that have come to the island since the outbreak of the war two years ago, some few were a disgrace to the United States, dissipated, losing sight of their mission, distorting news to suit their own liquor-crazed brains, sensational and devoid of every germ of truth.

One in particular, a man of years, seemingly of good standing in his own community, accepted the offer of a well-known paper as its representative; but the Spanish wines and Castilian glove courtesies were too much for his shallow brain, and he became a common figure on the street, "drunk as a lord." After several months of such conduct, when the truth reached headquarters, he was recalled.

There is no denying it, prejudices

against the newspaper correspondent have arisen from just such cases, where they had no regard for the manliness of their position and the trust they held, and so unfortunately many have to suffer for the grievous faults of a few, which is one of the cruel decrees of public opinion.

#### SPAIN'S DOMINATION.

Spain, like no other European nation, has the ancient title of discoverer and colonizer, for which all powers respect her, but even this honor is being strained by her unjust tyrannical rule in her colonies,—the Philippine Islands and Cuba,—and the glories of past achievements are being darkened in the awful horrors of the present wars.

From the very beginning she made Cuba a slave, limited her productions to such articles as Spain could not produce, then made her trade them for Spanish home manufactures, and taxed her for the privilege! The debt of the Ten Years' War, from 1868 to 1878, was assumed by



Spain and charged to Cuba, which has so crippled and choked the latter that it has even affected her Spanish proprietors, who with their load of interest-bearing debts find no profits for outside investment; yet this island province swells the Spanish official's purse, and is an outlet for Spain's cruel and dominating power. With no tobacco and sugar to sell there has been, and there is likely to continue for some time, an annual falling off of one hundred million dollars, which means a loss to Spain of one million dollars a month in revenues. Through existing conditions this war means a loss to America of over five million dollars annually.

The Cuban theory at the outset of this struggle was to lay the lands waste, and in an agricultural and commercial sense to ruin the island. Maceo marched from east to west, burning the sugar-cane and the golden leaves of the tobacco fields, and as industry ceased, the laborers joined the insurgent army with their *machetes* and horses.

Productive Cuba was ruined for the

Spaniard as well as for the Cuban, but the latter's consolation lay in the chance of gaining liberation more readily by impoverishing Spain in the destruction of her resources.

The torch has been mightier than the sword to bring about this sad condition of the island to-day—for Spaniard as well as Cuban have played the same game, but with a different purpose.

The result is that the island is a wide waste of ruin, misery, and desolation ; plantations with their gold producing crops completely devastated ; a hundred millions of dollars in machinery burned and destroyed ; millions lost in the neglected soil, so ready to yield ; business ruined ; towns depopulated ; lives sacrificed ; homes and hearts broken.

It will take more than a score of years, should the war cease now, to restore the island to its former productive use, its manufactures and its industries.

The land must change owners before it can yield an income ; even should Cuba liberate herself,—though it seems impossible for her, to overthrow the Spanish power unless

aid comes from some external source,—she is so impoverished, almost beyond the hope of recovery, that she can do nothing without financial help at once.

This leads up to the question of annexing the island of Cuba to the United States, the majority of Americans favoring it. Yet I was told the majority of Cubans “want independence and not annexation.” They are silently appealing to the United States for a helping hand to make them rulers of their own island. It is the hope of all classes, the expressed desire of all business men in Havana, that our government will interfere on their behalf, and stop the effusion of more blood and the further wreckage of the island.

Of peculiar significance is the fact that Spain, which at one time was the center of European nations, now lags in the rear, verging back almost into the depths of savagery, and delighting in unusual and vicious punishments in this advanced day of civilization. She refuses to recognize the laws of humanity, or the force of public opinion, by protecting and encouraging Weyler's

butcher-like and tyrannical government. For this reason, if there were none other, it becomes a matter of humanity to drive Spain from the shores of America.

The republic of Bolivia in South America, which has no seaports to defend, has recognized Cuban belligerency, showing the sympathetic feeling toward those struggling for the right of self-government.

We have not yet taken that step, for with us it would mean, in the face of the neutrality laws, which of course the government is bound to respect, casting the Cuban adrift dependent upon his own resources, which grow daily less. In not acknowledging them belligerents, lies the hope of every American that our government will yet interfere and put an end to this cruel massacre of lives.

But days and months are passing and the government at Washington has not taken a step—has not lifted a finger to help the Cubans. How much longer must they suffer and wait? Surely the United States has had provocation enough to demand redress, for some of her own citi-

zens have been imprisoned, injured, killed, and their property destroyed. Conscience and commerce demand interference, and let it come before it is too late; before we lose the respect of other civilized nations, who are awaiting this step with interest and sympathy. Let us not lose sight of the fact that little Cuba is struggling hard for liberty, and we, the "big nation,"—who alone can help her,—stand idly by, looking unconcernedly at this murderous warfare—the cruelest war on the rolls of a century.

Many have declared against Cuban independence, saying: "Her people are not qualified for self-government." That was what the royalist said of the American rebels. That is the plea of tyrants when and wherever a people has revolted against the monstrous doctrine of the divine right of kings. Spanish misrule has developed in the Cuban an understanding and appreciation of those governing qualities the absence of which makes slave tyranny. If the insurgents model their self-government along the lines which Spain does

not tread, they will never be guilty of misrule.

We cannot judge what success they will make at self-government as long as they are bound by the iron rods of slavery. More than seventy years ago Macaulay said: "Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying down, as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever."

Cuba is far enough away from Europe, and right in the heart of America, to absorb true Americanism of spirit, as evidenced by so many Cuban citizens in our land of liberty. Florida on the west coast has whole colonies, settled in thrifty villages, manufacturing their golden products—tobacco, and anxiously waiting the outcome of this struggle in their island home.

We have not yet reached a proper con-



ception of our "manifest destiny," a shadow form of which, in August, 1854, inspired the historically famed meeting at Ostend of our foreign ministers—Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé—setting forth the advisability of capturing Cuba (taking advantage of a time when the whole of Europe was preoccupied with the Crimean war). Prior to this, President James K. Polk offered Spain one hundred million dollars for her Cuban possession, which offer she peremptorily refused. It can safely be said she will never again have such a rich chance.

Yet if our government awakens to a realization of its duties, Cuba may come to us sooner than we expect; and in possession of her queenly glory, with the fullness of nature's luxuriant and opulent gifts, our pride would swell, even as it did when we stretched our boundary from the Mississippi to the Pacific; and while there are many that hope she may be one in the bright group of stars that adorn our own peerless flag, the GLORIOUS FLAG OF LIBERTY,—there are many others who hope and pray for Cuba's freedom from Spain's tyranny, for Cuba's

independence, and for the triumph of that brilliant emblem which floats to-day over two-thirds of the beautiful island, and which spurs the insurgent to a martyr's crown or to a victor's laurel, that emblem which is

THE LIBERTY FLAG FOR CUBA.

FINIS.













